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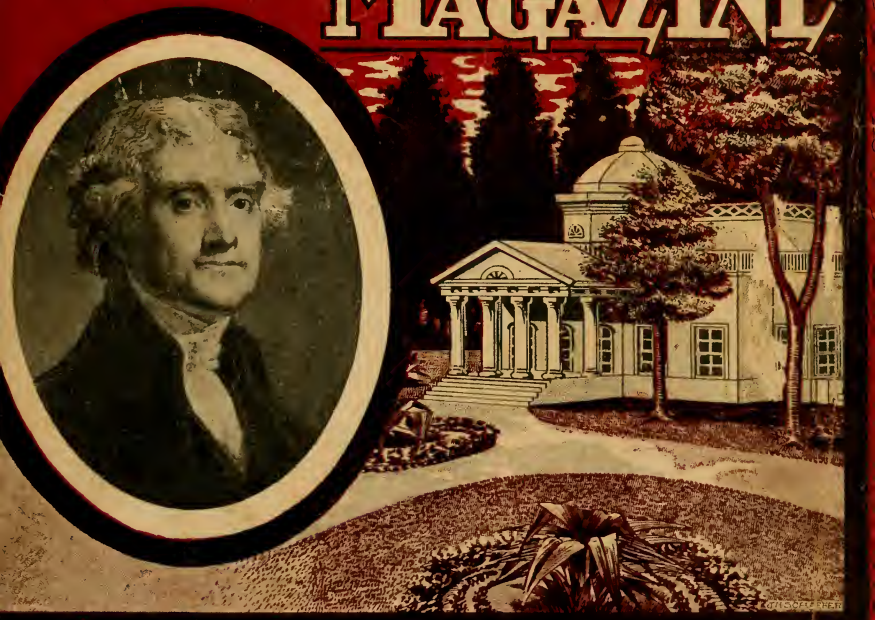

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Watson's for March

DO YOU see what a great improvement we have made in our Magazine this month? It is larger and better; the March issue will be even more improved; and each succeeding month we hope to give to our subscribers the tangible proofs of our growth.

Notice our new cover, in which the word "WATSON'S" is emphasized. We want the Magazine to become known as WATSON'S, while our weekly JEFFERSONIAN will trot along as THE JEFF, though the title will not be changed.

The March number of WATSON'S will contain another editorial on FOREIGN MISSIONS. Every one has been waiting, watching and hoping for another word from Mr. Watson on this subject. It will be said in March, and if you want to send copies to your friends, better order right now. On every issue of the Magazine for the last six months the demand has exceeded the supply.

In the instalment of "Andrew Jackson", which will appear in March, Mr. Watson will deal with that dramatic time in Jackson's life, when he fought the proposed Central Bank. Such another scheme is on foot just now. Will history repeat itself? Morgan says that Jackson's dead. So was Hamlet's uncle. Read WATSON'S for March, and see the ghost of the old statesman rise to trouble the evildoers of today.

While two-thirds of the magazines in the country have increased their price, or diminished their commissions to agents, or in some way or other are giving their subscribers less for their money, WATSON'S is giving more. Our circulation has grown, our revenues are larger, and we are letting our subscribers have the benefit of it. Our commissions to agents are as liberal as before, and during 1910 we shall offer several cash prizes. If you want to add to your income, it will pay you to get in correspondence with our Circulation Department.

Ask for WATSON'S wherever you go,—at the newsstands and on the trains; and be sure to see that all your friends read the March number.

JAMES LANIER,
Business Manager.

Thomson, Ga., Jan. 15, 1910.

Watson's Magazine

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Vol. 4 FEBRUARY No. 2

GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN! — *Frontispiece*

EDITORIALS—

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM — 91

A GROSS INSULT TO THE SCOTCH — 102

TO MY VALENTINE (A Poem) — *By Stokely S. Fisher* — 112

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON — 113

LOVE (A Poem) — *By Jake H. Harrison* — 123

SURVEY OF THE WORLD — *By Tom Dolan* — 124

IN THE REAR — *By Clarence Thomas* — 139

PAEAN OF THE SOUTH (A Poem) — *By Hinton Booth* — 142

WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED — *By Alfred Lathrop Lawrence* — 143

SIR HUDSON LOWE — *By Frederick Masson* — 149

THE POTTER (A Poem) — *By Ralph M. Thompson* — 155

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF EPENETUS ALEXIS STEED — *By Thos. E. Watson* — 156

FOREIGN MISSIONS AS TAUGHT IN THE BIBLE — *By Mrs. C. E. Kerr* — 158

THE DARK CORNER — *By Zach McGhee* — 159

SURSUM CORDA (A Poem) — *By J. T. Hudson* — 164

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT — 165

GREETING (A Poem) — *By J. W. Crawford* — 168

BOOK REVIEWS — 169

COMMUNICATIONS — 172

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GOOD-BYE, OLD MAN!

FREDERIC REMINGTON, Died December 26, 1909

—New York *American*

WATSON'S
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EDITORIALS

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

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CHAPTER V.

HAVE you called the attention of any Socialist to those illustrations, (in Chapter IV. of this series,) which explode Karl Marx's theory of value? If so, I can guess his retort. He said, "*Marx's idea on that subject is a nonessential.*" That is one of their dodges. Corner a Socialist on something, and do it so completely that he hasn't got room to grunt, and he will dive under and get away, by saying, "That is not an essential part of our creed."

Well, not one of them will say that *the Marxian theory of surplus value, the Iron Law of Wages, and the economic interpretation of history* are "nonessentials". We will now proceed to examine these indispensable props of Socialism.

Karl Marx contended that when A. sold to B. a commodity which B. afterwards sold to C. *at a profit*, a social wrong had been committed. The profit made by B. in the trade was "surplus value". To that extent A. was robbed, or C. cheated. Does that necessarily follow? Let us test the matter in the simplest, homeliest way.

The enterprising B. goes, in person

or by agent, to South America, where bananas are superabundant, and he buys a ship-load from A., at prices perfectly satisfactory to the seller: the fruit is brought to the United States, and offered for sale. Is not the enterprising B. entitled to a profit, over and above the cost of bringing the bananas to this country? He was shrewd enough to buy *in the market of plenty*, and to sell in that of *scarcity*. Is there no natural, harmless difference between the value of bananas in the two different markets? Who was hurt when the American importer made satisfactory prices in both? The South American was under no compulsion to sell: the North American under none to buy. The fruit being a luxury in this country, we needn't buy, if we don't want to: but in South America it sustains life, is a necessary, and, therefore, is not sold unless the price tendered is attractive.

The honest, legitimate, innocent profit of the merchant on this transaction, is the *surplus value* of the Socialists; and they roar about it, as a great source of poverty, vice and crime.

Let us take another example:

A merchant with a cargo of American products sails away to China, sells it, and buys a ship-load of rice. In China, that article of food is produced with an ease and abundance almost incredible to us: therefore rice is cheap, in its natural home. The price offered by the American merchant is satisfactory to the Chinaman, else he would not sell. He is not under duress of any kind. He is handling stuff that is comparatively a drug on his market; and, as a business proposition, he can offer the rice at figures which suit the American. From that market of abundance, and therefore of cheapness, the rice is brought to the market where rice is comparatively scarce. Is it not legitimate and perfectly just that the importer should have a reasonable, clear profit? Why not? The Chinaman got what *he* wanted; and *we* are not *compelled* to eat rice. If the price offended us, as extortionate, we'd cut out that item, and purchase other things.

As the Trusts advance the cost of living, rice will undoubtedly advance too: but this will be due to the infamous legislation which creates, fosters and protects these gigantic combinations of Capital—not to the nature of the original importation, not to fair profit on the transaction, and not to "capitalism", itself.

Consider our useful friend, the mule. In Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri and Kansas, the breeders prepare to supply the cotton-belt with work-stock. A hundred farmers of a certain territory (say, the region round about Thomson) want from one to half-a-dozen mules. Can the hundred farmers drop their work, take the cars, and go to Kentucky, or Tennessee, looking up mules? Hardly. But there are several young men of the town who will make the necessary tour, inspect and select a car-load of the animals, and bring them to Thomson for sale. For weeks, the dealers may be on the road, buying their droves. For other weeks, the dealers must stand around in the open lots, often in bitterly cold, inclement weather, selling to each of the hundred farmers the mule or mules that he wants.

Now, hasn't the dealer done the farmer a service, in going to a distant State, to hunt around and find what the farmer needs? Did he not save the farmer time, trouble, the dangers and discomforts of travel? Did he not use, for the benefit of the farmer, his knowledge and experience of the business? Assuredly. Then, would it not be unjust to denounce his legitimate profit as Surplus Value which wronged somebody? The stock-raiser wasn't obliged to sell the mules; and the farmer, having his pick of several droves, bought of his own free will. If the dealer acted on the square, charging

no unreasonable profit, *everybody* connected with the transaction got a benefit out of it—*nobody* being injured.

Illustrations might be multiplied by the hundred, all proving the same great truth, that a fair profit is the very life of commerce, a blessing to him who sells and gets rid of a surplus, as well as to him who buys and supplies a want.

What would become of the international exchange of products under Socialism? With profits knocked out, who would incur the perils of the seas, of savage lands, of pestilential swamps, of sand-swept deserts? Would the Brotherhood of Man hold the helmsman to the wheel when his breath froze in his face, when the wintry wind cut like a knife, when the awful voice of the storm sounded on the great deep?

Would the painful march of the caravan continue, when there were no profits to reward its toils, its risks, and its dangers?

Who of us would take the trouble to ransack the Orient for the peculiar productions of the East, if we were compelled to part with the goods at just what they cost us? Who of us would penetrate frozen Canadian forests in search of sables; or venture into the vast, dim Amazon jungles for rubber; or sail thousands of miles to Java for tea, to Brazil for coffee, to China for rice and fireworks, to Holland for linens, to Germany for kainit, to Peru and Ceylon for chincona, to Africa for ivory, to the Philippines for teakwood, to South America for mahogany, to Switzerland for fine laces and embroideries, to the East Indies for pepper and spice, to Cuba and the Hawaiian Islands for syrup and sugar?

What sailor would take his life in his hand, and go on a whaling voyage, if the oil and the bone had to be exchanged at actual labor-cost? What would become of the New England fisheries (and all others) under a system which abhors profits?

These are but a few of the more obvious branches of commerce *that would be utterly destroyed by the Marxian theory of Surplus Value.*

* * * * *

Rent, interest and profit—these are the baleful trinity which are devouring the human race. All Socialists who have got their lessons by heart, agree to *that.*

We have already seen what their idea of profit would do for the world: let us now consider the other two demons, rent and interest.

I have never been able to understand how it injures me to pay some other man a reasonable amount of hire for the use of his property. In the chapter which follows this, you will be shown how private estates arose. You will see for yourself how absolutely necessary it became for the tribe to recognize the tenant's equity in his *betterments;* and how this concession gradually ripened into a title, with descent to bodily heirs. I will prove to your complete satisfaction, that *the origin of private property was not only just, but sacred.* It was the practical assertion by the tribe that *the laborer was entitled to the product of his toil.* If I don't prove that, I'll give up the case.

Now, assuming that my neighbor has come by his land, or his house and lot, in a legitimate manner, why should I expect him to allow me to use what is his, without paying him what that use is worth to me? He may have got it from the State under the Headright law, as so many of our Southern ancestors did: or he may have secured it from the Federal Government, under the Homestead acts. Possibly, he bought the farm on the instalment plan, and dug the price out of the ground. If the property is a house in town, he may have acquired it painfully, through a Building and

Loan Company—some of which are remorseless vampires. Or it may be that he was a carpenter, and built the house himself. Possibly, he was one of those indefatigable men who gradually construct a home, out of nothing almost—as Henry Grady described in that unique and wonderful bit of word-painting, "The Patchwork Palace."

No matter by what legal and honest method my neighbor got his house, or his farm, it is right that I should pay for the hire of it, if I wish to use it. This hire is called "rent"—wherein is it fundamentally wrong? By working another man's land, or hiring another man's house, *I get the use of his capital.* Would he let me have it, unless I paid him for it? No. Brotherly Love is never going to impel men to build dwellings for others to live in. Many farmers in this country prefer to rent land, for the reason that, in their communities, it is to their advantage to hire the land rather than to own it. To a city Socialist, this statement may seem incredible: it is true, nevertheless.

So you can see that rent is nothing more than one form of paying for the use of another's capital. If you go to the livery stable, and secure a turn-out for a drive, what you pay for the use of the team and vehicle is called "hire". If you work the land and mules of another, giving him a part of what you make, it is called "farming on shares". If you occupy the house of another, what you pay for the privilege is called "rent". If you borrow money, that which you pay for the loan is called "interest". In each one of these cases, *the same thing occurs*—one gets the use of another's capital. *The mode of payment varies, but the principle is the same.*

Now, let us tackle the last of the three monsters who are destroying the human race—*Interest.*

In money, I store away the cotton I sold. The factory got the commodity, made it into cloth, and it may be now chastely concealing the beauties of some human form divine. In its stead, I have the ducats. If some one, in due course of business, had requested me to let him have the use of the cotton, free of charge, what would you have thought of him? But the money which the cotton brought me, *stands in its place:* why, then, should anybody, as a matter of business, expect me to allow him the use of what the cotton sold for, any more than he could decently ask for the use of the cotton?

The tenant has no mule: he must have one to make the crop: you lay out $200, and take the risk of having the animal die, during the year. Is there anything wrong in charging a fair price for the use of it? You furnish the purchase money; you take all the chances; the tenant uses what cost him nothing, takes no risks, and gets all the benefit. Why should he not pay for the hire of the mule? He *does;* and the Socialists admit that *it is just that he should.*

But if the same $200 is loaned out at interest, the brethren begin to bellow. What is the difference, in principle, between the two cases? None. But the Socialists contend that the money is not worn out in the use, while the mule is. Yes, and that's the reason why the tenant has to pay several times more for the use of the mule than he would be required to give for the use of the money. *When the $200 go into a horse or mule, the rental is fixed with the view of replacing the wornout animal, and at the same time, earning interest on the amount invested.*

Were it not for interest, the poor man would never get the use of the rich man's money. It pays to borrow money, if you know how to use it. And the men who know best how to use it, pay the highest prices for it. Wall Street operators sometimes pay two hundred per cent. for the use of other people's money. E. H. Harriman's co-

lossal fortune was the product of borrowed capital. The richest men in the world are in the United States, and they are the greatest borrowers that are known to history. They fight like sharks among themselves to get at loanable funds. The great feud between Ryan and Harriman (as everybody knows) had for its origin, the fierce desire of each of these plungers to control the assets of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Ryan won, but J. P. Morgan, the omnivorous and financially omnipotent, now has the mastery.

There are usurers who take advantage of the poor and of those whose necessities are urgent; but these prowlers bear about the same relation to ordinary lending of money by banks and individuals, that the White-Slave trade bears to legitimate commerce.

* * * * *

After having read thus far, is it not clear to your mind that, in itself, Surplus Value has no power to oppress? Can you not see that, in order for rent, interest and profit to become the curse of men, something unnatural must occur, to impart to them advantages which, under normal conditions, they do not have? There is *one word* that transforms these harmless agencies into ravening wolves. There is *one word* that changes the good "Dr. Jekyll" into the unclean beast, "Mr. Hyde". There is *one word* that turns the doves into hawks, the angels into devils. That *one word* is "*MONOPOLY*". Without it, Surplus Value is the natural and healthful fruit of a natural, healthful tree: *with* it, come Dead Sea apples and the fatal Upas.

Rent has no power to enchain and plunder, unless the Law creates a land monopoly. Nature did not establish the seigniorial estates of Europe. By force of arms, and by force of legislation the people of Ireland, of England, of France, of Germany, of Poland and Russia were driven off the land, made tenants and despoiled with rack-rents. Therefore, it was the sword and the statute that carved out the monopoly; and this man-made monoply it was that converted rent into an engine of destruction.

So with interest and profit. They are powerless to crush, as long as there is no monopoly. But when the laws are so manipulated that competition ceases and the Trust controls the market, both interest and profit are more desolating than two invading armies. With Surplus Value at work, with rent and interest and profit in full swing, ours was a prosperous, contented people, in that antebellum era when we had no poor. Why? *Because we had no monopolies.*

* * * * *

Karl Marx contended, (again borrowing from Ricardo,) that under Capitalism, the wage of the worker tended downwards to the bare cost of living. He called this "The Iron Law of Wages".

If there *is* such a law, it ought to apply to all times, places and occupations.

Does it?

Let us keep cool, and look around us for the facts.

To secure a negro man to do the outdoor work around the house and lot, we have to pay from $14 to $20 per month, besides feeding him and furnishing house-room. This laborer can not be properly described as "skilled": he knows no trade, and is barely qualified to look after the cows and horses, do garden work, bring in coal, sweep the yard, etc. If at all frugal, he will save at least half of his wages. If he is a man of family, his wife and children can get work also, at liberal prices, far above living expenses. The commonest boys and girls can earn from fifty cents to a dollar a day, and live on $5 per month. It is that way throughout the South.

In 1900, the negroes in this country

owned 173,352 farms, and held property (land included) to the aggregate of $300,000,000. The negroes of Georgia returned for taxation, in 1909, property to the value of $27,542,672. In other Southern States, this proletarian class is doing quite as well as in Georgia. Inasmuch as the emancipated slaves began their industrial life in 1865, with no other property than their muscles, the steady accumulation of wealth by them is overwhelming evidence against the Socialist theory of wages. Had there been a grain of truth in the Karl Marx idea, the negroes of the South would not now be the owners of property worth so many tens of millions of dollars.

Go to the Southern banks, and ask the cashiers how many negroes have money on deposit. You will be amazed at the number and size of such accounts. The individual amounts are not so very large, but the aggregate is surprising. Remembering that these people started on nothing, and were wage-workers, their accumulation of wealth completely demolishes the "Iron Law of Wages".

The fact of the business is, that the negroes have become so "independent", it is no longer possible, as a rule, to run a farm with hirelings. As to colored women—they are duchesses. They work when they want to, and quit when they feel like it. No white housewife in the Southern States can take a comfortable morning nap, any more. Haunted by anxiety concerning the appearance of Her Grace, the cook, the poor white woman hurries out of the warm bed, down to the chilly kitchen, to see if the duchess has arrived. In case she has, your wife can return to her room, and perhaps get a snooze. In very many instances, it is the duchess who lies abed, taking the nap, while your wife is in the kitchen making the fire and starting the breakfast. Isn't it so? That's the way of it at my house, and I am helpless. In the protection of my wife from such as this, I would consider money no object; but money can't cope with the difficulty. Ours is not an exceptional trouble. The same condition prevails throughout the South. The negroes form our laboring class; and a better fed, better dressed, better housed yeomanry the world never saw. We have paid them so well, treated them so fairly, protected them so magnanimously, that we've spoiled them. Anybody who wants to know *the truth*, can come down here, and see for themselves.

That being so, and the official records proving their rapid gains in property and cash—what becomes of the Iron Law of Wages? There couldn't be a test fairer than this. Never before did so many millions of bread-winners begin life on nothing, and commence to work for wages. If the Marxian theory had a thimbleful of sense in it, the negroes would have been paid on the basis of the cost-of-living. Consequently, they would now be in the condition of the white mill-slaves of New England, the coal-mine slaves of Pennsylvania, the steel-mill slaves of Pittsburg, the sweat-shop slaves of Boston, Philadelphia and New York, the shop-girl slaves of Gotham and Chicago.

In Florida, the unskilled laborer gets his $1 or $1.50 per day; and the carpenters, bricklayers, etc., will earn anywhere from $2 to $10 per day. I know what I am talking about, for my home is down there, part of every winter, and I've paid those fancy prices myself.

In the West, the Iron Law of Wages has no existence on the farms. The wage is far above the cost of living; and, as in the South, it is steadily advancing. So far is it from being true that wages generally are tending downward to the bare expense of supporting life, *they are tending to find the limit of what the employer can afford to pay.* In other words, the Law of Wages in

America is the exact reverse of the Marxian theory.

Don't understand me to be referring to the crowded centers of population, where the working people have ruined the labor market by glutting it. My reference is to the smaller cities, the towns, and the rural communities. Those overcrowded Chicagos and New Yorks are exceptional: the supply of labor is so much greater than the demand, that the employer is able to drive a hard, conscienceless bargain—just as the laborers did after the earthquake in San Francisco, when *they* were masters of the situation.

The Marxian theory fails to explain why a Florida workman commands so much better prices than the same man could earn in Georgia: does not account for the difference between the hireling's wages in Kansas and in Alabama: it cannot show us why a baseball player should be paid more handsomely than a clerk, engineer or bookkeeper: it does not reconcile the New York sweat-shop scale, and that of the Big Six Typographical Union: it is confuted by the discrepancy between the amount paid to men and that paid to women for doing the same work: *it is put to rout by the fact that in the same cotton fields, wheat fields, hay fields, fruit orchards, tomato fields, orange groves, the wages of one year may be double those of the next!*

Without any material alteration of conditions, than that the crops are "cut off", or the yield of the "bumper" size, wages slump or soar. You *know* that is true, don't you? Well, *it's a fact that knocks the Socialist theory of wages into a cocked hat.*

Now, there *must be* some law on the subject: to command your recognition and respect, *it must be uniform*, applying to all persons, places and periods. Is there such a law? Certainly. It is the Adam Smith doctrine of Supply and Demand. All other things being the same as before, a scarcity of labor will send wages up: let there be a bare sufficiency of labor, and wages remain steady: but an oversupply of labor sends wages down. There is no exception to the rule—none whatever. It fits everything, explains everything, and defies refutation.

The Guilds of the Middle Ages had discovered this principle, and used it to their immense advantage. The English craftsmen knew of it, for the long apprenticeships which preceded the liberty to work in the skilled trades, were meant to limit, as far as possible, the supply of the expert workmen. The Trade Unionism of England is founded on the same principle, as are the Labor Unions of the United States.

So, you see, the Iron Law of Wages is no law at all—else all kinds of work in every different time and country would respond to it as you can see them responding, automatically and without exception, to the Law of Supply and Demand.

(The peculiarity about the books of such Socialist apostles as Karl Marx and Herr Bebel is, that the only workman they appear to know or care anything about, is the laborer of the big cities.)

* * * * *

We now come to the last of the Karl Marx theories, the economic interpretation of history. The Marxians plume themselves proudly on this hypothesis. They say that Marx "discovered" it. In a general way, they compare the achievement to the feats of Galileo, Copernicus, Herschel, Newton, Columbus, Harvey and Humboldt.

Well, come along and let's look into it. In the first place, what is the meaning of the Marxian theory?

That the wars which have convulsed the world, throughout the ages, had their origin in economic questions—disputes about commerce, the resistance to class-robbery, the rivalries of industry, the desire of one tribe or people to leave their unsatisfactory location

and dispossess those more fortunately situated.

To say that some wars have had their motive in considerations of this sort would be perfectly true; but a theory which seeks to account for all wars in this way is simply laughable.

First of all, we would have to blot out the recollection of the ten-year siege of Troy, and forget that a beautiful wanton caused the annihilation of a people. We would have to ignore the tremendous river of blood that followed the fanatical rush of the Moslem hordes. We would have to banish from our minds the terrible tribute which the Conquerors levied upon mankind—men of superhuman ability whose souls were afire with ambition, the love of fame and power. No economic reason flung Persia against the Greeks: none actuated Alexander's campaign of vanity and revenge. Between the Latins and the Parthians there was no economic quarrel; but for centuries their clashing armies drenched the Eastern deserts with blood. For hundreds of years, Europe struggled to rescue the sepulchre of Christ from the Saracens; yet the Socialists contend that the Crusaders had their origin in *a dispute about ocean-going commerce.* There isn't a particle of evidence that Peter the Hermit even knew that Venice and Genoa were in a quarrel with the Mohammedans about Oriental trade. Peter, like thousands of other Christians, had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, had been cruelly treated by the Moslems, (as other Christians had been,) and he was inspired by the sudden thought that the sepulchre of Christ should be wrested from the Infidels. He preached a crusade, gradually got the people aroused, and the higher Roman clergy, seeing how the wind was blowing, and realizing how a general revival of religious interest would benefit the Church, finally and formally blessed the enterprise. To rescue the Holy Sepulchre became a European craze that swept noble and tradesman and yeoman into one mighty stream which poured into Asia, seeking Palestine. There was even an army of children which assembled and went forth on this sacred mission. Economic considerations had nothing whatever to do with it. It was religious enthusiasm—pure and simple. Thousands of nobles so encumbered their estates to procure funds to fit out bands of crusaders, that they were impoverished. As to the Church, its harvest was golden.

Take the Hundred Years' War between France and England—a war that drained Britain of the flower of her sons for three generations, and which well-nigh depopulated vast areas in France. What economic question caused it? None whatever. The English King claimed the throne of France; and the two peoples had to fight out the personal quarrel and rivalry of their Kings.

What caused the Wars of the Roses, a bloody internal struggle which reduced Britain to anarchy, after drenching her with human gore? The rivalry of two noble families.

What caused the Thirty Years' War, which desolated Germany? Religious fanaticism. What economic motive inspired the Great Armada, the butcheries of Alva in the Netherlands, the long period of carnage which preceded the crowning of Henry of Navarre, the fearful family conflicts between the wrangling descendants of Clovis and Charlemagne? There wasn't any—none at all. Personal rivalries and enmities in some cases, and religious fanaticism in the others. Did any economic reason cause the Seven Years' War? No. Frederick the Great afterwards admitted, with brutal frankness, that personal vanity, a desire for fame and the love of conquest caused him to begin it, by invading Silesia. What caused Louis XV. to plunge the French into it? An insulting jest

which Frederick had made at the expense of Louis' mistress—that, and a flattering note which the Austrian Empress wrote to "my cousin", (a royal address) the Marquise de Pompadour, mistress and boss of the enervated Louis XV.

What economic principle inspired the career of the African King, Chaka, in whose exterminating forays a million of human beings are estimated to have perished?

The Stuart exile, James I., lies on his death-bed, and of Louis XIV., there present, the expiring James implores the promise that Louis will recognize Charles Stuart as King of England. On the impulse of the moment, and out of sympathy for the unfortunate James, the promise is given. With what result? One of the most sanguinary convulsions that ever drenched Europe with blood. England, indignantly resenting the presumption of the French monarch in arrogating to himself the right to say who should be her King, this feeling of national pride became the mainspring of the great combination of princes which came so near bringing Louis XIV. to utter ruin.

Two beautiful Queens, Brunhild and Fredegond, mortally hate each other, for personal reasons, and they keep France in a bloody turmoil for years. After thousands of lives have been lost, and enormous damage done to the realm, the death of the women puts an end to their wars.

Does not every well-read boy know that the annals of the world are gory with the titanic struggles of rival heirs to thrones, with the personal quarrels and jealousies of Kings, with marauding invasions that are inspired by the love of adventure and of military renown? When Cæsar, in passing through the Alpine village, said to one of his lieutenants, "I would rather be the first man of this wretched town than second man in Rome," can you not discover what motive impelled him to strive, through years of ruthless carnage, for the mastery of the Roman world?

When you see both Alexander the Great and Napoleon Bonaparte heating their youthful imaginations at the furnace of Homer's Iliad, and speaking of what they dream of doing as warriors, does it not become clear to you *that there are some men who are born with a passion for war?* Just as other men have passionate inclinations to become sculptors, painters, musicians, poets and orators, so there are men who crave the soldier's renown. *It is the law of their natures.*

A Hun, like Attila; a Goth, like Alaric; a Mongol, like Tamerlane; a Tartar, like Genghis Khan; a Norman, like Richard Cœur de Lion; a Dane, like Sweyn; a Turk, like Solomon the Magnificent; a Frenchman, like Louis XIV.—these are familiar examples of men who have a natural fondness for the collision of contending hosts.

A battle-field exhibits the most terribly fascinating display of the highest human energy; and *there are those who just love it.*

The young Alexander of Macedon was made melancholy by the tidings of his father's victories. "There will not be anything left for me to conquer!" exclaimed the ambitious boy.

Hannibal, from earliest youth, dreamed of military glory; and upon the altar swore eternal enmity to Rome.

At the Brienne school, the sombre, penniless, unsociable Napoleon said, with sublime self-confidence:—"With my 'Homer' in my pocket, and my sword by my side, I will carve my way through the world." At St. Helena, after all was ended, he one day said, ruefully, "It is a glorious game—war." Evidently, he was sorry he would never take another hand in it.

On his death-bed, Louis XIV., con-

fessed, "*Perhaps I was too fond of war.*"

What becomes of the Socialist "economic interpretation of history" in the blazing, consuming light of such facts as these?

In Scotland, in Ireland, in England, in France, in Italy, in Germany, in Poland, in Africa, in Hindustan, and among the Indians of North America —in fact, throughout ancient and modern history—we find that race hatred, the tribal feud, the rivalry of chiefs and clans, the wrongs put upon women, the insulted feelings of rulers, the social and political rivalries of families, (to say nothing of desperate combats of opposing claimants of crowns and the holocausts of religious wars,) have been the busy sowers of the dragon's teeth whose harvests were armed men and furious battles.

As everybody knows, race hatred is one of the dynamic forces. It has caused more bloodshed than any other thing, religious fanaticism excepted. Yet Karl Marx, *a Jew*, loses sight of it entirely, so wrapt up is he in his ridiculous "Economic Interpretation". It was the one great, mournful fact, which a Jew could not have been expected to ignore. Pathetic and indomitable figure! the Hebrew has been the Ishmaelite of the ages, and even now is persecuted because of his race. "Jewish dog!" was the epithet which for centuries he could not resent. In Shakespeare, he hangs gibbeted, as Shylock; in Dickens, as Fagin.

In Spain, in Russia, in France, he has been hunted and massacred, as though he were a wild beast. In England, he had to live down a racial prejudice almost as strong. Yet a doctrinaire of this despised and persecuted, but unconquerable, race forgets the antipathy of Turk to Armenian, of Celt to Saxon, of Jew to Gentile, of the yellow man to the brown man, of the Spaniard to the Moor, and *adopts* (for the did not originate even that) *a theory which omits racial prejudices from the causes of war!*

Why, nations are like individuals: they fall out and fight about anything and nothing. Don't all of us know that? Those terrible wars which from 1797 to 1815 banded all Europe against France, were waged to check the advance of democratic ideas! William Pitt, Lord Eldon and Edmund Burke feared the coming of these levelling principles into Great Britain: the crowned heads of the continent were equally alarmed. Herein we find the true cause of those frightful struggles, on land and sea, which Napoleon inherited from the French Revolution, and which he tried in vain to stop.

Two of the Italian States, in the Middle Ages, went to war about a well-bucket; and ten thousand men were slaughtered before the furious contest wore itself out. An English King once took the warpath, because the King of France had cracked an obscene joke about the British monarch's big paunch!

It would be most unjust and untrue to argue that a rich man, like John Hampden, because of a tax of about $7.50, resisted King Charles I. and began the agitation which brought on the Civil War! Hampden *stood for principle.* So did our Revolutionary forefathers. So does Ireland in demanding Home Rule. Very dearly, in precious blood and years of torture, has that stand for principle cost her people, but they are not far from victory now, I'm happy to say.

No one thing, causes war. Just as individuals *fight about many things*, nations do. *Nations are simply large groups of men, and they often fight without adequate cause.* You'd have to hunt a long time (and then not find it,) if you tried to trace to an economic question that tremendous conflict, in 1870, between Germany and France. As to our own Civil War, the student who fails to discover its source in racial

differences, sectional prejudices, and a clash of ideas and principles, makes but a superficial study.

I once knew two old women, (widows of two brothers) to have a fierce, prolonged and most determined legal battle over a "follow-block". (A follow-block constituted a part of the old wooden gin-press, used in the compressing of cotton into a "bale".)

Two ladies of Savannah, Georgia, had a dispute about the ownership of a canary bird; and all the best lawyers of the city were put to fighting one another over the little yellow warbler.

Sometimes there will be a dispute as to who should pay for a telegram, and there will be a lawsuit costing hundreds of dollars.

I knew a case once that came so near to being settled without litigation that one of the parties said, "If he will carry my guy-rope back where he got it, I will drop the case." The other fellow refused this slight concession, and the war was on. It lasted for years, cost both sides four or five times the amount involved, travelled to the Supreme Court a time or two, hung the juries, worried the judges, exhausted the lawyers, became the nuisance of the public and the nightmare of the clerks of the Courts, drained the treasury of the county, and is yet a joke among those who remember it. (In the Georgia Reports, it sounds, "W. H. Jackson and Associates vs. J. Belknap Smith.")

Now, when your own experience furnishes you with incidents of a similar nature; and when you remember that the men who rule nations *are nothing but men*, you will have no hesitation in subscribing to the doctrine, *that, no one thing has caused all wars.*

When the Socialist sets up the claim, *that every national and tribal fight, had one and the same origin*, you just know that he is talking sheer nonsense—don't you?

In Sir Richard Burton's wonderful translation of the Oriental masterpiece, commonly called "The Arabian Nights", there is a curious little story which I chanced upon, after the foregoing chapter had been finished. In a beautiful way it sustains my contention concerning the often trivial, and even accidental, origin of wars.

Here is the story:

THE DROP OF HONEY.

A certain hunter used to chase wild beasts in wold, and one day he came upon a grotto in the mountains, where he found a hollow full of bees' honey. So he took somewhat thereof in a water-skin he had with him and, throwing it over his shoulder, carried it to the city, followed by a hunting dog which was dear to him. He stopped at the shop of an oilman and offered him the honey for sale and he bought it. Then he emptied it out of the skin, that he might see it, and in the act a drop fell to the ground, whereupon the flies flocked to it and a bird swooped down upon the flies. Now the oilman had a cat, which sprang upon the bird, and the huntsman's dog, seeing the cat, sprang upon it and slew it; whereupon the oilman sprang upon the dog and slew it, and the huntsman in turn sprang upon the oilman and slew him. Now the oilman was of one village and the huntsman of another; and when the people of the two places heard what had passed, they took up arms and weapons and rose one on other in wrath and the two lines met; nor did the sword leave to play amongst them, till there died of them much people, none knoweth their number save Almighty Allah.

(This fable was finely illustrated by the Bologna-Pisa War, which grew out of a dispute over an old well-bucket and which cost the lives of ten thousand men.)

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A GROSS INSULT TO THE SCOTCH

THE following appeared in the press dispatches of December last:

"CARNEGIE TO NEGROES.

"SAYS LOWEST IN SOUTH IS AHEAD OF HIS ANCESTORS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

"NEW YORK, December 1.—Andrew Carnegie said today that the lowest negro of the South is more advanced than were his (Carnegie's) ancestors in Scotland two hundred years ago. He was speaking before the Armstrong Association.

" 'Talk about uplifting the negro race,' declared Mr. Carnegie, 'those who have attended the industrial institutions now established are already uplifted, and they, in turn, are spreading their knowledge into every cotton-field and pine-belt south of the Potomac.' "

Of Andrew Carnegie himself, I do not care to speak. How he got his money, how he spends it, his relations with the controlling powers of this Government, his social equality practices, his dinners to Booker Washington, his donations to coon colleges—all these matters are foreign to my immediate purpose, which is to prove that, in saying what he did about the Scotch, *he lied*, either wilfully or ignorantly; and that in blarneying the Afro-Americans and the Ogdens of the North, *he despicably lowered himself;* at the same time that he *insulted—flagrantly, grossly, infamously—every man that has in his veins the blood of old Scotland.*

First of all, the greater portion of the population of that country came from the same stock which peopled England, herself. The Lowlanders were Germanic in their ancestry—and there never was a time when their condition was not vastly superior to that of the negroes of today. Time and again, it has been demonstrated in this Magazine, that the Germanic tribes of the most primitive eras exhibited such magnificent traits of character that our present civilization is the logical and evolutionary result. In the value placed upon personal liberty and independence; in the love of home and the domestic virtues; in the high and manly pride which preferred death to dishonor; in the respect shown to women, and the terrible punishment meted out by the tribe to the adulteress; in truthfulness, honesty, love of justice, admiration for mental and physical excellence—they were as superior to the negro of today, *as the respectable negro is to that occasional white man who disgraces his color, reveals his constitutional baseness, and fills all of us with a profound sense of disgust and loathing.* In embryo, those Teutonic ancestors of ours had established the system of things as we now see it. Trial by jury, popular self-government, direct legislation, equality before the law, monogamous marriage, are institutions whose sources have to be traced back to the far-stretching woods of Germany. To compare such a race to the poor thick-skulled, bestial, unprogressive, purely receptive and imitative negroes, is monstrous.

In the wilder, and more inaccessible Highlands, as well as in the Hebrides, a different people were found. These Gaels belonged to the great Celtic branch of the human family. The territory held by them was bleak and barren, its climate rigorous, its advantages few. Consequently, the Highlanders were poor. The hut of the tribesman was destitute of the comfort of the average negro house. His wearing apparel was not so abundant, nor so good, as that of the industrious African of our own times. There was more illiteracy among the Celts than among the blacks, upon whose "education" we have squandered so many millions of dollars.

I grant you that the Highlander lived a hard life, that there was no

siller in his purse, that his hovel was pitifully humble, that he wore shabby clothes, that he went bareheaded and barefooted, that he couldn't sign his name, and that his food was scanty and coarse. *But what was he, AS A MAN?* What sort of women were his mother, sister, wife and daughter? What was *the character* of the Highlanders? What was their standard of morals? What was the degree of their untutored, undeveloped intelligence? What manly traits distinguished the men? What womanly virtues, the women?

Knowing the splendid record of this race, and realizing how huge is the debt which modern civilization owes to it, my blood boils with indignation against the negro-loving millionaire, who befouls his own nest, and traduces the great people from whom he sprung.

Where in the history of the world, was a more heroic stand made for freedom, for independence? For ages, Britain exerted her utmost strength to enslave her weaker neighbor, and she never could do it. A simple gentleman, William Wallace, shook England's power to its foundations; and at Bannockburn, the British got the worst whipping in the open field, that they ever suffered. Even the Scotch-Irish Andrew Jackson did not beat them at New Orleans more ruinously than did Robert Bruce at Bannockburn. Ireland she could conquer, because a Pope's decree had hopelessly divided the Irish people; but no English army could do much more in Scotland than to hold the ground it camped on. In the Highlands, they could accomplish nothing. Along those mist and cloud-crowned peaks, no white flag of submission ever flew. Not until after the Union with England, did British soldiers penetrate those wilds —which Rome herself had vainly endeavored to subdue. The great wall which an Emperor threw from sea to sea, to protect England from the Scotch, is a memorial to their valor, their intrepidity, their audacity, which time can not forget.

What people ever resisted so constantly and successfully the tyranny of Kings? To their English and French neighbors, they set the inspiring example of rising in arms against their monarchs, and putting them to death! They were pioneers in the fight against priests and Popes. They would brook no encroachments upon their liberties. They were ever ready to seize their weapons and battle for principle—cost what it might.

What finer soldier than the Scotchman ever walked a battlefield? In the thin red line of Great Britain that has carried her drum-beat around the world, who has been more gallant than he of the kilt and the tartan? From the lips of the greatest of all Captains, the Scot's Greys at Waterloo wrung the tribute of admiration: and the beleaguered of Lucknow were thrilled with the certainty that they would be saved, when the wings of the wind brought the bagpipe strains of "*The Campbells Are Coming!*" In Spain, in France, in Germany, in America, in Hindustan, in Egypt, the Celt of the Highlands, like the Celt of Ireland, has been the very *beau ideal* of a soldier.

It was the Highlanders who turned the tide of battle at Lutzen and gained for Gustavus Adolphus the crowning and last victory of his career.

Who drove the human wedge into the Austrian centre at Wagram, and snatched the army of France from the doom which hung over it? Macdonald—the Scotchman. Who was faithful to his Emperor when every other Marshal had deserted him? The same leonine Macdonald. Who was the most splendid commander of independent cavalry that the world ever saw? General "Jeb" Stuart—lineal descendant of the Stuarts of Scotland. Whose brigade was so conspicuously daring,

in the "Army of Northern Virginia", that it won the proud distinction of being known as the "Laurel" Brigade? Angus Macdonald's. Who was it that Lee had chosen to take the place of Stonewall Jackson? John B. Gordon —whose genius for war continued to develop, and whose bravery was proverbial.

"*Bring on the tartan!*" shouted the British General at New Orleans, when the other regiments had broken and fled before those concealed, inaccessible foes who were enfilading them with deadly rifles. At the "double", came the Highlanders: the mist lifted; they saw that they had been sent into a death-trap; and they stood still, facing the flaming breastworks; and they fell in their tracks—their dead bodies looking like the brigade in repose!

Here is Lord Macaulay's tribute to the Scotch of *three* hundred years ago:

"The population of Scotland, with the exception of the Celtic tribes which were thinly scattered over the Hebrides and over the mountainous parts of the northern shores, was of the same blood with the population of England, and spoke a tongue which did not differ from the purest English more than the dialects of Somersetshire and Lancashire differed from each other. In Ireland, on the contrary, the population, with the exception of the small English colony near the coast, was Celtic, and still kept the Celtic speech and manners.

"In natural courage and intelligence both the nations which now became connected with England ranked high. *In perseverance, in self-command, in forethought, in all the virtues which conduce to success in life, the Scots have never been surpassed.* The Irish, on the other hand, were distinguished by qualities which tend to make men interesting rather than prosperous. They were an ardent and impetuous race, easily moved to tears or to laughter, to fury or to love. Alone among the nations of Northern Europe they had the susceptibility, the vivacity, the natural turn for acting and rhetoric, which are indigenous to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. *In mental cultivation, Scotland had an indisputable superiority. Though that kingdom was then the poorest in Christendom, it already vied in every branch of learning with the most favoured countries. Scotsmen, whose dwellings and whose food were as wretched as those of the Icelanders of our time, wrote Latin verse with more than the delicacy of Vida, and made discoveries in science which would have added to the renown of Galileo. Ireland could boast of no Buchanan or Napier. The genius with which her aboriginal inhabitants were largely endowed showed itself as yet only in ballads which, wild and rugged as they were, seemed to the judging eye of Spenser to contain a portion of the pure gold of poetry.*

"Scotland, in becoming part of the British monarchy, preserved her dignity. Having, during many generations, courageously withstood the English arms, she was now joined to her stronger neighbor on the most honourable terms. *She gave a King instead of receiving one. She retained her own constitution and laws. Her tribunals and parliaments remained entirely independent of the tribunals and parliaments which sate at Westminster.* The administration of Scotland was in Scottish hands; for no Englishman had any motive to emigrate northward, and to contend with the shrewdest and most pertinacious of all races for what was to be scraped together in the poorest of all treasuries."

The clan was the family group: the blood of the Chief was the blood of his men: the tie of affection ran from cottage to castle. The clan would die for the Chief; the Chief, for the clan. On the day of battle, he walked in front, not behind: where they fought, he fought: where they fell, he fell. His quarrel was theirs; theirs, his: friends and foes of the Chief were those of the clan. Wrong the clansman, and the Chief flew to arms: wrong the Laird, and the clan rallied, to a man. *Never did the castle shut its gates in the face of the poorest tribesman: never did the Chief kindle along the mountain tops his signal fires in vain.*

So magnificent was their loyalty to one another and to the Chief, that they would deliberately go to a cruel death rather than betray a kinsman or a Laird. When the Clan Chatten revolted under the regent Murray, two hundred of the rebels were condemned to die: each of these two hundred was offered life and freedom, if he would tell where his Chief was concealed, and not one of them would have life on

such dishonorable terms. When the Pretender, Prince Charles Stuart, was a fugitive in the Highlands, every man in Scotland knew of the rich reward to be won by the Prince's betrayal; but not a soul wavered in its self-sacrificing loyalty. The Pretender got safely away to France: his Highland followers remained to meet their doom; and many a gory head was stuck on pikes, not only in Scotland, but in England.

(In Pepys' "Diary" it is noted that the last of the heads that had been spitted on Temple Bar, had rotted away and fallen from the spike.)

To the defeated foe they were cruel; but at a time when other Europeans robbed and murdered the shipwrecked mariner, the Highlander gave him food, shelter and protection. Openly, daringly they would raid the Border and "lift" cattle,—*that* was open honorable war and spoil, as they viewed it: but, in the relation of man to man, *honesty* was the rigid rule of life.

The Minstrel was the Gulf stream, in this Ocean of poverty and illiteracy: with his harp and his song, he warmed the life of the lowly, as well as the great. *He was at once bard, historian and teacher.* The very children learned his melodies, and his stories of Scotland's past. *To the cotter's hearth, he brought sentiment which elevated, knowledge which to some extent supplied the place of education, and rhapsodies, set to music, that kindled intense pride of race and love of country.*

When was there ever, in the existence of the negro, an influence like unto that of the wandering Minstrel of the Highlands? Blind Homers may have sung amid those sequestered glens: Blondels, unknown to fame, harped by those dim lakes and tarns. Does not Andrew Carnegie know that it was a work of love for Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and the "Ettrick Shepherd" to rescue from oblivion the melodies and the poesy of those ancient times, three and four hundred years ago? *Is he—contemptible cad and cur!—unaware of the fact that many of the finest songs of Burns are nothing but the modernized versions of those gems of ancient Scotch Minstrelsy? Does not the very music of those lyrics which our own generation most loves, come down to us from the Highlanders of centuries past?* Why insult the descendants of those people—people who were so passionately appreciative of the literary form and of creative genius—by comparing them to the brutish, thick-skulled negro?

It is now known that Macpherson's "Ossian", whose weird sublimity and wild imagery appealed so powerfully to the imagination of Thomas Jefferson and Napoleon Bonaparte, is based upon fragments of Gaelic minstrelsy sixteen hundred years old. That Macpherson himself did not "fake" these poems, but merely modernized them, is proved by the fact that they are to be seen in the original tongue, both in Edinburgh and Dublin. (In early times Scotland and the West Coast of Ireland were peopled by the same race, speaking the same language.) The Ossianic poems were handed down traditionally from generation to generation. Therefore, Mr. Carnegie's ancestors had a literature, similar to that of ancient Greece and Rome, Persia and Chaldea, *as far back as the third century after Christ!*

Allan Ramsay, who wrote the best pastoral poem that literature contains, was born 1686: *does not his fame and success bear witness to the mental elevation of the Scotch at that distant era?* What would "the lowest negroes of the South" know or care about a masterpiece of pastoral poetry? They can not even understand and appreciate the very simple rhymes of Paul Dunbar: Phyllis Wheatley is about as far as the average negro can go, in that direction. A banjo and a fool jingle, without real meaning or sequence, is

the preference of nine-tenths of the Southern blacks. They could no more enjoy the wonderful melodies of the Scotch *improvisatore*, than they could change their wool into hair.

More than four hundred years ago, Scotland had a King who was a patron of Letters, and who himself wrote poetry. About three hundred and fifty years ago, she had a Queen who both in Paris and in Edinburgh was unrivalled for wit, beauty and culture—she also being a poetical composer. Not much less than two hundred years back, there came into the world Tobias Smollett, one of the really great writers of Fiction—his works palpitating with life, now, and as full of human interest as they ever were. His original and humorous characters, Strap, Tom Bowling, Morgan the Welshman, Lismahago, and Matthew Bramble never having been surpassed by Dickens, Thackeray, Hugo or Goethe. When will the small brain of the negro produce a Humphrey Clinker, a Roderick Random, a Peregrine Pickle? Crossed on to some white man, and this hybrid crossed with another Aryan, we might see another Dumas pour his wonderfully gorgeous stories into literature; but no pure-blooded negro ever will. And even Dumas was much of a faker and charlatan.

Two hundred years ago, the native land of Andrew Carnegie gloried in the fame of her scholars; the devoutness and fearlessness of her Protestant clergy; the piety, sobriety, morality and industry of her people; the purity of her judiciary; the growth of her literature; the foundation of her manufactures and commerce. She had a University famous throughout Europe; she had sent forth teachers and missionaries to plant knowledge and religion in less advanced regions; *she had shown the world how men might stand up and beard Pope and King, at a time when other European peoples were crawling on their bellies in adoration of both.*

John Knox was every whit as robust a character as Luther. In fact, the great German was far more complaisant in his demeanor, toward princes than was the rugged Scotchman. Luther winked at the shameless license of the potentates around him; and specifically gave his consent to bigamy in the case of Philip I., Duke of Hesse. So far from falling into such an inconsistency, John Knox rebuked Queen Mary with such severity that she wept with mortification. Nor were other Scotch preachers in awe of the great. We find Andrew Mellville plucking angrily at the sleeve of King James I., and calling him "God's silly vassal".

Buckle did well, did justly, in the "History of Civilization" to conclude his terrible arraignment of these preachers, for their bigotry, narrowness and tyranny, by admitting the immense debt the race owes to them:

"At a most hazardous moment, they kept alive the spirit of national liberty. What the nobles and the crown had put in peril, that did the clergy save. By their care, the dying spark was kindled into a blaze. When the light grew dim, and flickered on the altar, their hands trimmed the lamp, and fed the sacred flame. This is their real glory, and on this they may well repose. They were the guardians of Scotch freedom, and they stood to their post. Where danger was, they were foremost. By their sermons, by their conduct, both public and private, by the proceedings of their Assemblies, by their bold and frequent attacks upon persons, without regard to their rank, nay, even by the very insolence with which they treated their superiors, they stirred up the minds of men, woke them from their lethargy, formed them to habits of discussion, and excited that inquisitive and democratic spirit, which is the only effectual guarantee the people can ever possess against the tyranny of those who are set over them. This was the work of the Scotch clergy, and all hail to them who did it. It was they who taught their countrymen to scrutinize, with a fearless eye, the policy of their rulers. It was they who pointed the finger of scorn at kings and nobles, and laid bare the hollowness of their pretensions. They ridiculed their claims, and jeered at their mysteries. They tore the veil, and exposed the

tricks of the scene which lay behind. The great ones of the earth, they covered with contempt; and those who were above them, they cast down. Herein, they did a deed which should compensate for all their offences ten times as great. By discountenancing that pernicious and degrading respect which men are too apt to pay to those whom accident, and not merit, has raised above them, they facilitated the growth of a proud and sturdy independence, which was sure to do good service at a time of need. And that time came quicker than any one had expected. Within a very few years, James became master of the resources of England, and attempted, by their aid, to subvert the liberties of Scotland. The shameful enterprise, which he began, was continued by his cruel and superstitious son. How their attempts failed; how Charles I., in the effort, shipwrecked his fortune, and provoked a rebellion, which brought to the scaffold that great criminal, who dared to conspire against the people, and who, as the common enemy and oppressor of all, was at length visited with the just punishment of his sins, is known to every reader of our history. It is also well known, that, in conducting the struggle, the English were greatly indebted to the Scotch, who had, moreover, the merit of being the first to lift their hand against the tyrant. What, however, is less known, but is undoubtedly true, is that *both nations owe a debt they can never repay to those bold men, who, during the latter part of the sixteenth century, disseminated, from their pulpits and Assemblies, sentiments which the people cherished in their hearts, and which, at a fitting moment, they reproduced, to the dismay, and eventually to the destruction, of those who threatened their liberties.*"

What nobler epitaph could be chiselled on the tombs of those heroic souls? They were the Scotch leaders—mental and spiritual standard-bearers of two centuries ago. *According to their degenerate descendant, they were inferior to the lowest negroes of today!*

When I recall the glowing pages of Walter Scott, and pass in review his delineations of Scotch character, his pictures of Scotch life; when I think of the austere self-control and self-denial practised by his countrymen of two hundred years ago; when I witness the awful grief of parents when one of their children goes astray; when I see the beauty of such a character as Effie Deans, *and recognize her as a type;* when I witness the devotion of the clan to the Chief, and the pride of the Chief in his clan; when I review the grand procession of the mighty men, and of the pure, lovely, forceful women; when I think of them as a race that shall evolve its Napier, its Burns and Campbell and Scott and Robertson; its Adam Smith and Buchanan and Blair and Chalmers; its Erskines and "Christopher North" and Lockhart; its Carlyle and Miller and Hume—I find myself marvelling, past all power of expression, that any *Scotchman* could be ass enough to say what Carnegie said.

Compare the nigger to this wonderful race? *Such nauseating talk to the black people is not only an intolerable affront to the whites, but an injury to the negroes themselves.*

To the uttermost limits of the habitable universe, the Scotchman has carried his racial characteristics. What are they? Perseverance, shrewdness, fortitude, sobriety, energy, forethought, piety, high standards of morality, and a profound regard for womanly virtue. He not only evolved his own civilization in his native land, but has been a pioneer civilizer in every country to which he has migrated. Commerce owes him much: manufactures are his debtor; science and art acknowledge his master conceptions and achievements; religion turns to him as a tower of strength; and literature, without him, would be moonless night bereft of her girdle of stars. In geology, in philosophy, in political economy, in astronomy, in applied science, in jurisprudence, in oratory, in history, poetry, music and song, the Celt is the peer of any man whomsoever.

Blot out what he has contributed to the world's thought, to its uplift, to its betterment, to its strength and sweetness and glory, and the cloth of gold would lose the strands which make its completeness.

But the negro? Poor, inferior copyist of the master-race, he is as incapable of maintaining a civilization as he is of originating one. For himself, he can do nothing. Civilize him in America and send him to Liberia, and what happens? He sinks, lapsing toward the barbarous state; and begins to implore the whites to come to his relief. Civilize him in San Domingo, and what is the result? As soon as the French go away, and the negro becomes his own boss, down he goes. The varnish of Latin culture wears off, and there's your *nigger*. And such is the chaotic bestiality into which he plunges, that the whites must needs rush to the rescue.

In this country, we have seen the negro boys come home from the colleges—"educated gentlemen", according to the Carnegies, Ogdens, and Rockefellers—and, in a few years all the varnish is worn off. *The great mass of the race is in a lower condition than during slavery. They are more immoral, more besotted, more lazy, more diseased.* In Africa, where they live next to nature, wear no clothes to speak of, drink no rot-gut liquor, use no cocaine, and have no syphilis, the traveller finds the negro physically perfect—beautiful as the leopard and the tiger are. But you seldom see, in one of our towns and cities, a negro buck or young woman who has no bodily defect.

Go to the drug-stores of the larger towns and the cities, and inquire about the users of cocaine. You will find that the black men, especially the preachers, buy enormous quantities of it. This drug excites the animalism of men. Think of this, in connection with the prevalence of venereal disease among the post-bellum negroes, and you will realize why their race is tending downward.

Lacking in the characteristics that make for civilization, the negro can not be educated into white black-men. School books can not supply traits, qualities, racial superiority. God must give these—He alone. The poor negro never has had them, has not got them, never will have them. Like the Red Men, Eskimo, the Australian, the negro must bow to the decree of fate, and take his place as a lower being. The Fatherhood of God no more implies that we must accept him as an equal than it means for us to sink to the plane of the Ponca or Digger Indian. As to the "Equality and Brotherhood of Man"—to see what that fatal doctrine leads to, we have only to consider the mongrelism which curses Mexico, Cuba, Central and South America, as well as Portugal and a portion of Spain.

Andrew Carnegie, talking to negroes, told them that "the lowest negro of the South" was superior to his own ancestors of two hundred years ago—the lying, canting, hypocritical old fraud!

What sort of beings are "the lowest negroes" of the South? How do they live, and what do they do?

They will ravish little girls who have hardly passed from babyhood: they will go in squads, surprise some white man, and take turns lying with his wife, in his presence: they will grab a white girl at her own door, gag her, drag her away to the negro section, violate her repeatedly all night long, then brutally kill her, and throw her lacerated body into the street. They will rape an old woman who is so bent and enfeebled by age that she can hardly walk with the aid of a stick. The very animals in the stables, are not safe from their bestiality. Two such cases came to light, *and to Court*, in my home county; and how many more there are, none but God can know!

Among themselves, the black men and women of the lower class just have no morality at all, no sense of decency, none of shame. They simply have no

comprehension of virtue, honesty, truth, gratitude and principle. *Not to get caught*, is the sole motive for secrecy in wrong-doing. To lie, to steal, to break contracts, to forget favors, to copulate—are not criminal in their eyes. The returned convict gets an ovation; the murderer about to be hung for an atrocious assassination is a heroic figure; the negro who has left some white girl to die of her wounds, or of inconsolable grief, and made good his escape, is envied and congratulated. *Were the Scotch ever such beasts?* Read that fearlessly frank book, "The American Negro", whose author, Hon. William Hannibal Thomas, has negro blood in his veins; and who spent the best years of his life working for the uplift of the Southern negroes. He confesses the whole truth about these inferior, most unfortunate, and irreclaimable people. From the school-children who practise indescribable obscenities, publicly, on the playgrounds, to the grown-ups, among whom sexual promiscuity respects neither age nor relationship, we see the irrepressible outbreak of innate, uncontrollable and bestial lusts. The negro preachers are regular Sultans, with whole female congregations for wives and concubines. Go to the city drug-stores and physicians—and learn something about these colored clergymen and their flocks.

Compare the Scotch, of any era, *no matter how ancient*, to these unmoral swine—these poor creatures who have no conception of chastity, none of honor, none of gratitude, none of principle, almost none of incest, and none whatever of that spiritual consecration and heroism which made the Scotch preacher and congregation of nearly four hundred years ago, the dauntless preserver of the true faith, of individual liberty, and of popular rights? Bah!

Read this terrible but truthful summing up, in "The American Negro". Remember that the author calls the negroes "my people", and that his book is full of paternal, sympathetic advice to them.

"Soberly speaking, negro nature is so craven and sensuous in every fibre of its being that a negro manhood with decent respect for chaste womanhood does not exist.

"These conclusions are reached because the facts show that the negro is slowly and steadily undergoing moral deterioration; not, however, because he can not keep pace with the advancing strides of an environing superior civilization, but because he has no ethical integrity, no inbred determination for right-doing, and consequently no clearly defined and steadfast aversion to wrong-doing. The American negro never had a conscientious and intelligent appreciation of the law of obedience, and for that reason either does not clearly apprehend, or else wantonly ignores, essential facts. In any critical analysis of this subject, we shall easily discover that the groundwork of negro degeneration rests on mental frivolity and physical pleasure, and that, owing to these characteristic traits, his confusion of mind is such that he fails to realize that between good and evil conduct there is a great gulf. He has yet to discern that there is such a thing as moral inexorableness, with every sin shadowed by its own penalty. *The simple truth is that there is going on side by side in the negro people, a minimum progress with a maximum regress; or, in other words, an awakening of a minority of them, with an increasing degradation of the majority.*"

That is an awful thing to say, but it is the truth.

Annihilate what the Scotch have done for the human species, and you will have cast a shade over the brightness of the intellectual heavens: but what would be lost if the negro's share in civilization were destroyed? Nothing whatsoever. He has written books: there isn't in a single one of them the breath of life. He has delivered orations: not one of them has risen to the heights of the eloquence of the Red Men—some of whose "talks" were gems. He has been a student: and no thought of his has added a jewel to the treasury of Letters. If everything that he has ever said or published were sunk to the bottom of the sea, mankind would not miss it.

As a race, the negro has never even set a great example, never made a heroic struggle for independence. For countless ages, they have sold each other into foreign and domestic servitude, have eaten each other, have devoured the bodies of the dead, have had no sense of sexual purity, have had no religion, no conception of God, of Justice and Mercy; *have had no prayer, excepting the piteous plea that their devils would forget them.* Sons and daughters, husbands and wives, have immemorially wallowed in orgies of sensualism, without feeling of shame —even as they so often do in this country. Their only melody was a heart-broken wail of superstitious fear: they offered up human sacrifice: they grovelled before Witch Doctors, who "smelt out" the wretches that these demons, or the fiendish chiefs, wished to get rid of: they fed on carrion, as well as human flesh—and *these* are the ancestors of the people whom Andrew Carnegie places above the Scotch of two centuries ago! *As if civilization could be evolved, or maintained, by any such race as that!*

The only pure-blooded negroes who ever were classed as great, were Toussaint and Chaka: neither of them equalled, in statesmanly qualities, Pontiac or Tecumseh. And both Toussaint and Chaka were utterly devoid of the humane traits of the two great Indians. Red Men evolved an alphabet and a written language: the negroes did not even reach the heights of picture writing. The Indians produced statesmen who established and maintained powerful confederacies: the negroes never did. The Red Men maintained the right of the individual against the Chief, and could only be sentenced to death after a trial: the negroes had no conception of individual rights, and the Chief had his subjects killed at his own pleasure. The Indians evolved a rude form of representative government: the negroes never did. The entire negro portion of Africa may be ransacked in vain to discover any manufacture comparable to the Navajo blanket, the bead-work and the pottery of the higher tribes. Always ready for war, the negro had no weapon that could equal the Indian's bow and arrow. There are pathetic proofs of the Red Man's capacity for gratitude: the negro is totally without it.

To the negro, his wife was his slave, necessary to the gratification of his sexual passions: the Indian warrior left all the drudgery to his squaw; but there is evidence that sentimental love very often led to his choice of mate. (I *know* the Seminoles to be affectionate husbands and most indulgent parents.) The Indian believed in the immortality of the soul, and his idea of heaven was as elevated as that of the Mohammedan: the negro either had no thought of such matters, or cherished the belief that his ancestor was still living, somewhere, in the same shape as before death. If he had been a man of some power and property, cows, slaves, etc., were slaughtered, now and then, in order that the said ancestor might not get out of food and servants.

Yet with all this superiority to the negro, the Red Man never did develop a civilization—how absurd, then, the faith of those who believe that the negro can do it!

We can teach him, govern him, Christianize him, veneer him with an outward polish of culture; and he will step lively, use big words, wear store-clothes, ride in an auto, hold an office, crowd himself into the company of white folks, and act so much like a "colored gentleman" that the Wanamakers, Ogdens, and Carnegies invite him to dinner. *But he's a negro, just the same.* In spite of all that he can do, the savage will crop out.

Gentlemen, the negro is as God made him: with all your money and your books and your political patronage, YOU CAN NOT CREATE RACIAL

CHARACTERISTICS. It takes the Almighty to do that.

* * * * *

In *The Christian Work and Evangelist*, January 8, 1910, Mr. Carnegie has an article glorifying the negro, and repeating the old, old absurdity, that during their fifty years of freedom, the blacks have made greater progress than any people have ever made in the history of the world. A stupider falsehood one could not write. The white race, through ages of agony and ceaseless effort, *originated* our Civilization. During Slavery, we taught the African savage how to imitate our ways, speak our language and ape our customs. Often we had to use the lash to compel him to do it—just as the rod is used on the disobedient child, and just as trainers, by judicious severity, tame wild animals.

After the slave was made a free man, our example and coercion continued to act upon him. Our laws, our officials, our advice, our domination united to put irresistible pressure upon the black man. Circumstances simply forced him to keep step, as best he could, with the progress of the whites. But his travelling has been like unto that of the man who is too feeble to stand alone, and who has to be supported as he walks by a strong man on each side.

His achievement, compared to ours, is like that of the schoolboy who learns by heart Patrick Henry's immortal speech, and spouts it at the "Commencement". Or like that of the amateurs who go to the art galleries, and copy the original creations of Raphael, Michel Angelo, Rubens, Titian, Holbein, Turner, Millais and David.

The fair test of the negro's capacity is, *what he does, when left to depend upon himself.*

We know what the Celts, Saxons, Jutes, Angles, Danes and other white tribes did, when left to work out their own destiny. We see it in the state of things in which we live. We call it, *Christian Civilization.*

Now, what did the negro ever do when left to his own resources? Nothing. For thousands of years, the blacks of Africa had just as good an opportunity to evolve a civilization as the Indo-Germanic people had: but the savage African tribe of five thousand years is faithfully represented by the savage man-eating tribe of today.

In Liberia, were located the very best American negroes who could be induced to return to their native country. A modern state was set up, and these educated emigrants from the United States were left in control of it.

With what result? A failure so complete, so hopeless, that it would be ludicrous, were it not so tragic.

An English traveller, recently from Liberia, states in the British papers, that *everything is at a standstill*, in that unhappy State. The Government has stopped running: no lawmaking is being done: no public obligations are being met: no public affairs are being attended to: and the whole thing is chaotic.

These helpless creatures are all waiting for the whites of this country to go over and take charge of them—just as the British have to do in Sierra Leone, Jamaica, etc., and as we have to do in San Domingo.

In the face of such facts, isn't it a shame that Andrew Carnegie should contend, in effect, that the negro is the superior of the white man?

(The Hearst papers, and such writers as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, are on the Carnegie line. You can't do anything with those exceptional, abnormal whites who get "nigger" on the brain. When the small number of these cranks, now living, die out, their nauseating doctrine will be heard of no more. Nothing is written more clearly in the book of fate than that *the whites*, in order that civilization may be conserved, *are going to rule this country*, without any fusion with the negroes.)

To My Valentine

Stokely S. Fisher

OH, I have entered Arcady!—
I passed the gate unconsciously,
But I have come
Now where I ever longed to be,
And it seems home!
I followed, heeding not the way,
And you have led me straight to-day
To Arcady!—
Oh, tell me, darling, shall we stay
In Arcady?

I walk in the enchanted land
While ever I may hold your hand;
Its wonder lies,
What amiable radiance bland,
All in your eyes!
With you beside me every day,
Where'er the place, I'd dwell alway
In Arcady!—
Oh, tell me, darling, shall we stay
In Arcady?

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BOOK II.—Chapter XIII.

HAS it ever occurred to you that among the causes of the terrible inequalities of wealth in this country, the manufacturing system is twin-brother to our money system? Think it over.

In the first place, the United States Statistical Abstract reveals the appalling fact that the comparatively few men engaged in that branch of industry *absorb one-half of the annual increase of wealth.* On the capital invested they cleared, in the year 1900, the sum of $2,000,000, *over and above eight per cent. net profits.* One combination of manufacturers, the *United States Steel Corporation, clears a hundred million dollars a year—more than the entire agricultural class has ever cleared in any year.*

These manufacturers have leagued themselves together in the various Trusts, and the consumer finds himself held up in the purchase of every commodity. The great mass of the unorganized farmers accept the Trust price when they sell, and pay the Trust price when they buy. The common people fix the price of nothing. Consequently, there is left to the working class and to the agricultural class a bare living. The millionaire corporation of a few years ago, is the billionaire Trust of today. All the histories and all the statesmen agree that, during the first half-century of our national existence, we had no poor. A pauper class was unthought of: a beggar, or a tramp never seen.

At the present time, our destitute are numbered by the millions, beggars swarm in the big cities, tramps infest the roads; men, women and children perish of cold and hunger in almost every State of the Union. The size of our proletariat is prodigious; its condition, frightful.

What caused this dreadful change, from universal well-being to such a state of ominous inequality and suffering? To a very great extent, the manufacturing system.

We have become the world's melting-pot. The scum of creation has been dumped on us. Some of our principal cities are more foreign than American. The most dangerous and corrupting hordes of the Old World have invaded us. The vice and the crime which they have planted in our midst, are sickening and terrifying.

What brought these Goths and Vandals to our shores? The manufacturers are mainly to blame. They wanted cheap labor; and they didn't care a curse how much harm to our future might be the consequence of their heartless policy. Let them but pile up their millions—they recked not of the nation's future. "*Apres nous le deluge!*" Let the future take care of itself: the Flood which might come thereafter, mattered not to *them.*

I never gazed upon a cotton mill, running at night, that it did not seem to me to be some hideous monster, with a hundred dull red eyes, indicative of the flames within which were consuming the men, women and children chained to the remorseless wheel of labor. Every one of these red-eyed monsters is a Moloch, into which soulless Commercialism is casting human victims—the atrocious sacrifice to an insatiable god!

Did you ever see the smelting works of Birmingham, at night? Did you ever see Pittsburg, at night? If so, you have gazed upon something more in-

fernal than Dante or Milton could throw into their pictures of hell.

War sometimes closes the temple of Janus—commercialism never does. On the battlefield, the life of the vanquished is spared—no pity ever softens the cold, hard eyes of commercialism.

The undeniable statistics published by the United States Government prove that, in loss of life and limb, in sick list, and prematurely exhausted, *our manufacturing system drains the national vital forces to a greater degree than would a perpetual war.*

No foreign foe could slay as many American citizens as our commercialism slaughters. No invading Attila and his Huns could gather up so much plunder, and reduce so many millions of our people to want as our manufacturing system does. Tamerlane never sacked so many homes, never subdued as many millions of people as our manufacturers have done.

In the name of Patriotism, under the pretense of paying high wages, the manufacturer has ground the face of the poor, driven countless men and boys to crime, sunk multitudes of women to perdition, and imported a host of low-class foreigners, to take bread out of the mouths of native Americans. They have pinched wages to the limit of physical endurance, have shot down without pity the workmen whom intolerable treatment had driven to desperation; have sold their goods at lower prices to alien peoples abroad than they will accept from their own flesh and blood, here at home; have corrupted our politics, debauched our judiciary, enslaved the press, and well-nigh destroyed the confidence of our people in the churches of Christ.

To the manufacturers is largely due the deplorable concentration of population in the cities—a concentration ruinous to the industrial and moral welfare of the poorer classes.

Here are the storm-centers: here are the rumbling, seething volcanoes: here are the depravities and the criminalities that cancerously eat into the body politic: here are the savage hosts that are muttering revolution, flying the red flag, and chanting the "Marseillaise"!

The Privileged are ever blind. They can't be made to see. The Roman Senators would not read the signs of the times: the French nobles would not heed warnings: the Southern slave-owners could not be taught wisdom: the English lords, even now, are cursing the heavens and daring the thunderbolt. It has always been so. Never is a Cassandra lacking, and never can the prophet save Troy.

Would to God that not a single custom-house had ever been built on Columbia's shores. Had we never had a Tariff; had we left Industry to prosper on its own merits, forcing nothing by hot-house processes: had we never enacted a "law" which enabled one man's business to thrive at the expense of another's: had we never disguised "Confiscation" under the name of "Protection": had we never allowed the manufacturers to take charge of legislation, and to fashion the elaborate system which methodically transfers wealth from one class to another—we would never have seen the Presidency sold to the highest bidder, never seen a Sugar Trust steal $2,000,000 per year, at *one* Custom-house: never witnessed the bloody uprising of the tobacco-growers in Kentucky and Tennessee; never seen an army of unemployed; never heard of an employment system which evolved the $5-per-week girl and her "gentleman friend"; never known of fathers and mothers giving away their children because they couldn't feed them; never been horrified by whole families starving together, or killing themselves to escape the lingering tortures of cold and hunger; never have been put to the blush by an official report on home-life which our Government dared not publish to the world!

* * * * *

Historians tell you that the Southern States were originally in favor of a protective tariff, but changed when it was found that slave labor in the mills was a failure. That is not true. The South was the Cavalier section; and the Cavalier had no genius or inclination for mechanical pursuits, literary seclusion, or manufacturing. In fact, the typical Cavalier was not much of a worker, at anything. His tastes ran to horseback exercise, athletic sports, hunting and fishing, gaming, horse-racing and cock-fighting. Magnificent as a soldier, he was a mere child in business. The sedentary life of a scholar was his abomination: confinement in the counting-house a punishment: the management of a manufacturing establishment utterly foreign to his taste and capacity.

These facts are so well-known that it astounds one to read, in the histories, the statement that the South turned against Protection because she had tried manufacturing and failed. The truth is, that while Mr. Calhoun, in 1816, supported Mr. Clay, in his tariff policy, the South never was in favor of Protection. Mr. Jefferson had taught the agricultural section the great lesson, *that the tariff robs agriculture for the benefit of manufactures.* On that subject, the Southern States were Jeffersonian. The greatest speech ever made by an American against the principle and policy of Protection, was that of George McDuffie. John Randolph, of Roanoke, had thundered against it throughout his long career—and he entered Congress under Washington's immediate successor. Northern historians ignore McDuffie, and classify Randolph as a freak; but this country never produced two orators of greater power, eloquence and influence. Either one of them could speak for three hours at a stretch, and hold throughout the fascinated attention of their Congressional audience.

In fact, Henry Clay, crazy to be President, and therefore catering to the North, was the only towering figure in the South that stood throughout for Protection; and Kentucky is not, strictly speaking, a Southern State, any more than West Virginia is.

From the very beginning, the statesmen of the South realized that their section, being agricultural, was the principal loser to New England under the tariff system. From the first, the successive increases in tariff rates, provoked greater and greater indignation in the South. George McDuffie had truthfully declared that, out of every hundred bales of cotton produced in our fields, the tariff robbed us of forty.

But New England paid no attention to these protests. Poverty-cursed by nature, she was determined to get rich at lawmaking. If she could so manipulate the import duties as to shut out competition, she could manufacture the goods which the American consumers must purchase, at her own prices. With the foreign manufacturer kept out, by custom-house duties, the American consumer of manufactured articles would be at her mercy. She could put up prices to such an extent that he would be plundered and New England enriched. In this way, the section least favored by nature would, vampire-like, suck the wealth out of the agricultural sections, upon which nature had showered such favors. Thus, the naturally rich section would be doomed to perpetual poverty, while the naturally poor section would amass such wealth as the world had never previously known.

So, New England went on from Congress to Congress, inching up, inching up, raising the rates every few years. Henry Clay,—brilliant, ambitious, head-strong, superficial—became the champion of the Eastern manufacturers, doing immensely more for them than it was in Daniel Webster to do.

In 1828, the worst of all tariffs—up to that time—was enacted into "law". It is known as the "Tariff of Abominations".

When the details of this atrocious bill became known, at the South, there was a furious outcry against it. In most of the States, public meetings denounced it. Georgia declared that the "law" was not binding. South Carolina went still further, and took her stand on the famous ground of "Nullification".

At this point, the significance of the Peggy O'Neal rumpus is vividly evident. Calhoun, being the great opponent of the Protective principle and the apostle of Nullification, can any one doubt that Jackson's intense scorn and hatred of him—as the cause of Peggy O'Neal's failure to get into society—influenced the decision of Jackson?

In his conflict with the United States Indian agent, Dinsmore, we have seen how the passionate, iron-willed Jackson defied the United States authorities, threatened to destroy Dinsmore and the agency-house, and declared that if the Federal Government did not respect the rights of the State of Tennessee, it would be the duty of her people, as freemen, to redress their grievances by resort to arms. And Jackson required his friend, George W. Campbell, *to carry these threats to the Secretary of War!*

Again, after the Webster-Hayne debate, President Jackson wrote a note of congratulation—to whom? Webster? No; to Hayne.

Therefore, had not the Peggy O'Neal row occurred, had Calhoun and Jackson remained good friends; had Calhoun opened his house to the outlawed woman and thus assured her entrance into the best social circles; had he not foiled the burning ambition of Jackson's favorite, and caused her to inflame the old General's heart against him—in a word, if Calhoun had been an adroit, limber-kneed courtier, as Van Buren was, can there be any serious doubt that the course of events would have been different?

Balked by Calhoun in a matter on which he had set his whole heart, and kept at fever heat by the artful, insidious, untiring Peggy—who played injured innocence with consummate skill—Jackson grew to hate John C. Calhoun as even he had never hated any other man. And wherever Andrew Jackson hated, he wanted to *hurt*. His whole life proves *that*.

When Carolina passed her ordinance of Nullification, and prepared to resist the enforcement of the new tariff "law", Jackson issued his proclamation of remonstrance and warning. Also he made preparations to collect the custom-house duties in South Carolina.

A bill was introduced into Congress, to empower the President to use the military to enforce the law.

Historians of a certain sort make a great to-do over Jackson's threats to hang Calhoun, over his toast at the Jefferson-day banquet, ("The Union: it must be preserved!") and over the consternation and dismay of Calhoun and his following.

In all of this, there isn't a scintilla of truth, beyond the fact that Jackson did *send*, or propose, such a toast. (Authorities differ as to his being present at the banquet. In the book, "Great Senators", it is stated that Jackson was too unwell to attend.)

It is possible that the old General, who had shown such a readiness to unlawfully hang prisoners, may have threatened, in some wild talk at the White House, to hang a United States Senator,* but if any such silly explosion took place, it had no effect whatever on Calhoun. He never flinched one iota throughout the crisis. His speeches ring with the fiery determination of Patrick Henry. Time and again, he told the Senate that any attempt to enforce that abominable "law", would be resisted with all the armed force of South Carolina. Addressing the Senate, he said:

*Upon his resignation from the Vice-Presidency, Mr. Calhoun had been elected to the Senate.

"I consider the bill* as far worse, and more dangerous to liberty, than the tariff. It has been most wantonly passed, when its avowed object no longer justified it. I consider it as chains forged and fitted to the limbs of the States, and hung up to be used when occasion may require. We are told in order to justify the passage of this fatal measure, that it was necessary to present the olive branch with one hand and the sword with the other. *We scorn the alternative. You have no right to present the sword. The Constitution never put the instrument in your hands to be employed against a State;* and as to the olive branch, whether we receive it or not will not depend on your menace but on our own estimate of what is due to ourselves and the rest of the community in reference to the difficult subject on which we have taken issue."

In another speech, he declared:

"* * * It has been said that the bill declares war against South Carolina. No. It decrees a massacre of her citizens! War has something ennobling about it, and, with all its horrors, brings into action the highest qualities, intellectual and moral. It was, perhaps, in the order of Providence that it should be permitted for that very purpose. But this bill declares no war, except, indeed, it be that which savages wage—a war, not against the community, but the citizens of whom that community is composed. But I regard it as worse than *savage* warfare—as an attempt to take away life under the color of law, without the trial by jury, or any other safeguard which the Constitution has thrown around the life of the citizen! It authorizes the President, or even his deputies, when they may suppose the law to be violated, without the intervention of a court or jury, to kill without mercy or discrimination!

"It has been said by the Senator from Tennessee (Mr. Grundy) to be a measure of peace! Yes: such peace as the wolf gives to the lamb, the kite to the dove! Such peace as Russia gives to Poland, or death to its victim! A peace, by extinguishing the political existence of the State, by awing her into an abandonment of the exercise of every power which constitutes her a sovereign community. *It is to South Carolina a question of self-preservation; and I proclaim it that, should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it will be resisted, at every hazard—even that of death itself.* Death is not the greatest calamity: there are others still more terrible to the free and brave, and among them may be placed the loss of liberty and honor. There are thousands of her brave sons who, if need be, are prepared cheerfully to lay down their lives in defense of the State, and the great principles of constitutional liberty for which she is contending. God forbid that this should become a necessity! *It never can be, unless this Government is resolved to bring the question to extremity, when her gallant sons will stand prepared to perform the last duty—to die nobly."*

This language is certainly not that of a craven. Jackson himself never blazed forth more fiercely.

Who was it that, thoroughly alarmed at the course events were taking, weakened and surrendered?

It was Henry Clay.

He saw, when almost too late, that his reckless pursuit of Northern favor was about to plunge his country into civil war! He was in desperate straits. To his confusion, it had become evident that Calhoun was as determined as Jackson. Neither would "give" an inch.

To prevent the worst of all national calamities, Clay, *(in so many words,* uttered in open session in the Senate,) *surrendered the principle of Protection.* This being done, compromise was easy. The "Bill of Abominations" went to the limbo of dead things; and *after* Congress had thus removed the "cause of war", South Carolina repealed her ordinance of Nullification.

No American statesman ever displayed such nerve, such Roman courage as Calhoun did, in this famous episode —in which he, single-handed, fought New England, Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson. His triumph was as complete as it was marvellous.

And yet, nearly all of the histories put him in the dust, with fear-whitened face, trembling at the threats of the irate Jackson.

Compared to the tariff monstrosities of today, the "Bill of Abominations" was a beautiful specimen of legislative justice.

Alas! we have fallen upon the evil times in which no Senator, no Governor, no aroused commonwealth dares to imitate the glorious example of Calhoun and South Carolina!

CONTEMPORARY CHARACTERS—INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES

McDuffie's Antagonist in the Famous Duel

"Colonel William Cumming was a native of Augusta, Georgia. Born to the inheritance of fortune, he received a liberal education and selected the law as a profession. He read with the celebrated Judges Reeve and Gould, at Litchfield, Connecticut. At the period of his study this was the only law-school in the United States. Many anecdotes of his peculiarities during his residence at the school were related by his preceptors to the young gentlemen from Georgia who followed him in the office in after-years. A moot court was a part of the system of instruction, in which questions of law, propounded by one of the professors, were argued by students appointed for the purpose. On one occasion, Cumming was replying to the argument of a competitor, and was so caustic as to be offensive. This was resented by insulting words. Turning to the gentleman, and without speaking, Cumming knocked him down. Immediately, and without the slightest appearance of excitement, addressing the presiding professor, he remarked: 'Having thus summarily disposed of the gentleman, I will proceed to treat this argument in like manner.'

"Upon his return to Georgia, the war with England having broken out, he procured the commission of a captain and entered the army. He was transferred to the Northern frontier—then the seat of active operations—and soon distinguished himself amid that immortal band, all of whom now sleep with their fathers—Miller, Brook, Jessup, McCrea, Appling, Gaines, and Twiggs. Cumming, Appling, and Twiggs were Georgians. At the battle of Lundy's Lane he was severely wounded and borne from the field. He was placed in an adjoining room to General Preston, who was also suffering from a wound. Cumming was a favorite of Preston's, and both were full of prejudice toward the men of the North. Late at night, Preston was aroused by a boisterous laugh in Cumming's apartment. Such a laugh was so unusual with him that the General supposed he had become delirious from pain. He was unable to go to him, but called and inquired the cause of his mirth.

"'I can't sleep,' was the reply, 'and I was thinking over the incidents of the day, and just remembered that there had not in the conflict been an officer wounded whose home was north of Mason and Dixon's line. Those fellows know well how to take care of their bacon.'

"He was soon promoted to a colonelcy, and was fast rising to the next grade when the war terminated. In the reduction of the army he was retained—a compliment to his merits as a man and as an officer. He was not satisfied with this, and, in declining to remain in the army, wrote to the Secretary of War:

"'There are many whose services have been greater, and whose merits are superior to mine, who have no other means of livelihood. I am independent, and desire some other may be retained in my stead.'

"He was unambitious of political distinction, though intensely solicitous to promote that of his friends. His high qualities of soul and mind endeared him to the people of the State, who desired and sought every occasion which they deemed worthy of him, to tender him the first positions within their gift; but upon every one of these he remained firm to his purpose, refusing always the proffered preferment. Upon one occasion, when written to by a majority of the members of the Legislature, entreating him to permit them to

send him to the Senate of the United States, he declined, adding: 'I am a plain, military man. Should my country, in that capacity, require my services, I shall be ready to render them; but in no other.' He continued to reside in Augusta in extreme seclusion. Upon the breaking out of the war with Mexico he was tendered, by Mr. Polk, the command of the army, but declined on account of his age and declining health, deeming himself physically incapable of encountering the fatigue the position would involve."—*Sparks: "Memories of Fifty Years."*

George McDuffie

"George McDuffie was a very different man. Born of humble parentage in one of the eastern counties of Georgia, he enjoyed but few advantages. His early education was limited: a fortuitous circumstance brought him to the knowledge of one of the Calhouns, who saw at once in the boy the promise of the man. Proposing to educate him and fit him for a destiny which he believed an eminent one, he invited him to his home, and furnished him with the means of accomplishing this end.

"The rise of McDuffie at the Bar was rapid; he had not practised three years before his position was by the side of the first minds of the State, and his name in the mouth of every one—the coming man of the South.

"Fortunately at that time it was the pride of South Carolina to call to her service the best talent in all the public offices, State and national, and with one acclaim the people demanded his services in Congress. Mr. Simpkins, the incumbent from the Edgefield district, declined a re-election, that his legal partner, Mr. McDuffie, might succeed him, and he was chosen by acclamation. He came in at a time when talent abounded in Congress, and when the country was deeply agitated with the approaching election for President. Almost immediately upon his entering Congress an altercation occurred upon the floor of the House between him and Mr. Randolph, causing him to leave the House in a rage, with the determination to challenge McDuffie. This, however, when he cooled, he declined to do. This rencontre of wit and bitter words gave rise to an amusing incident during its progress.

"Jack Baker, the wag and wit of Virginia, was an auditor in the gallery of the House. Randolph, as usual, was the assailant, and was very severe. Mr. McDuffie replied, and was equally caustic, and this to the astonishment of every one; for all supposed the young member was annihilated—as so many had been by Randolph—and would not reply. His antagonist was completely taken aback, and evidently felt, with Sir Andrew Ague-cheek: 'Had I known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him.' But he was in for it, and must reply. His rejoinder was angry, and wanting in its usual biting sarcasm. McDuffie rose to reply, and, pausing, seemed to hesitate, when Baker from the gallery audibly exclaimed: 'Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries hold, enough!' The silence which pervaded the chamber was broken by a general laugh, greatly disconcerting Randolph, but seeming to inspire McDuffie, who went on in a strain of vituperation, withering, pungent, in the midst of which Mr. Randolph left his seat and the House.

"On one occasion of social meeting at a public dinner-party in Georgia, a young South Carolinian gave as a sentiment: 'George McDuffie—the pride of South Carolina.' This was immediately responded to by Mirabeau B. Lamar, the late President of Texas, who was then young, and a great pet of his friends, with another: 'Colonel William Cumming—

> " 'The man who England's arms defied,
> A bar to base designers;
> Who checked alike old Britain's pride
> And noisy South Carolina's.'

"The wit of the impromptu was so fine and the company so appreciative, that, as if by common consent, all enjoyed it, and good feeling was not disturbed.

"McDuffie was not above the middle size. His features were large and striking, especially his eyes, forehead and nose. The latter was prominent and aquiline. His eyes were very brilliant, blue, and deeply set under a massive brow—his mouth large, with finely chiselled lips, which, in meeting, always wore the appearance of being compressed. In manners he was retiring without being awkward. His temperament was nervous and ardent, and his feelings strong. His manner when speaking was nervous and impassioned, and at times fiercely vehement, and again persuasive and tenderly pathetic, and in every mood he was deeply eloquent."—*Sparks:* "*Memories of Fifty Years.*"

John Forsyth

"The world, perhaps, never furnished a more adroit debater than John Forsyth. He was the Ajax Telamon of his party, and was rapidly rivalling the first in the estimation of that party. He hated Calhoun, and at times was at no pains to conceal it in debate. In the warmth of debate, upon one occasion, he alluded in severe terms, to the manner in which Mr. Crawford had been treated, during his incumbency as Secretary of the Treasury, by a certain party press in the interest of Mr. Calhoun. This touched the Vice-President on the raw: thus stung, he turned and demanded if the Senator alluded to him. Forsyth's manner was truly grand, as it was intensely fierce: turning from the Senate to the Vice-President he demanded with the imperiousness of an emperor: 'By what right does the Chair ask that question of me?' and paused as if for a reply, with his intensely gleaming eye steadily fixed upon that of Calhoun. The power was with the speaker, and the Chair was awed into silence. Slowly turning to the Senate, every member of which manifested deep feeling, he continued, as his person seemed to swell into gigantic proportions, and his eye to sweep the entire chamber, 'Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung,' and went on with the debate." —*Sparks:* "*Memories of Fifty Years.*"

A New One on Andrew Jackson

"The daughter of a Massachusetts Senator told me that in her younger life she went with her father to one of the regulation dinners at the White House. General Jackson himself took her out to the dinner-table. There was some talk about the light of the table, and the General said to her, 'The chanticleer does not burn well.' She was so determined that she should not misunderstand him that she pretended not to hear him and asked him what he said. To which his distinct reply was, 'The chanticleer does not burn well.' "—*Edward Everett Hale:* "*Memories of a Hundred Years.*"

General Jackson at the Races: Anecdotes He Relates

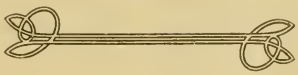
"The reviewer correctly says, 'It has long been a matter of jest in Tennessee, indeed it was quite as freely spoken of during the life of General Jackson as it has been since his death, that the old hero conquered all his enemies, and those of his country, whom he met; that he had overthrown the savage warriors of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida, and forced the fiercest and most stubborn to humbly sue for peace; that he had met and conquered the picked army of Packenham at New Orleans, with a handful of raw militia and volunteers; had overthrown the friends of the United States Bank; had met "the beast with seven heads and ten horns", as he always termed the nullification of South

Carolina, and compelled submission; had forced the tariff into the channels he indicated, and had never known defeat; but he was unable to conquer the little Maria. She alone was able to meet all the hosts of the Hermitage, and compel them to follow her to the winning-post. Rivals for fame, imported from beyond the State, suffered the same ignominious fate. Finally she went abroad, and amid the rich fields and verdant grass of the "dark and bloody ground", she met and conquered the hitherto invincible Robin Grey, the great-grandsire of the ever-to-be-lamented Lexington, the racer without a peer, the sire without a rival.' Such was Hanie's Maria in Tennessee, but in 1816, when nine years old, she was sold and taken to South Carolina, where she was badly beaten. Indeed she never won a race after she left this State. Various were the opinions concerning her sudden failures. But the best reason given was that she had lost the careful nursing of Green Berry Williams and the masterly horsemanship on the track of her old jockey, Monkey Simon, who rode every race she made in Tennessee, and she was never beaten until she left the State. The uniform success of Maria, however, must to a great extent be accredited to her trainer, Mr. Green Berry Williams. He came to Tennessee from Virginia or Georgia in 1806, with three thoroughbred horses, and found a home with Captain Wm. Alexander at Hartsville, in Sumner county. He had been bred to the track, having as a boy been an expert rider of quarter races, and was an experienced trainer. He was a man of mark in his profession, and had a host of friends.

"The love of fast horses, and, indeed, of all thoroughbred animals, was a life-long characteristic of General Jackson. Colonel Peyton tells us in his graphic and happy style, with what delight even in the last years of his Presidency the old chief enjoyed the exercises of his horses on the race-course at Washington. He says: 'In the spring of 1834, while a member of Congress, I was invited by my friend, Major A. J. Donelson, Private Secretary of President Jackson, to visit without ceremony the stable of horses then being trained at Washington by himself and Major T. P. Andrews, of the United States Army, consisting of Busiris, by Eclipse, owned by General C. Irvine; Emily, by Rattler, and Lady Nashville, by Stockholder, belonging to Major Donelson, and Bolivia, by Tennessee Oscar, owned by General Jackson, which were trained by M. L. Hammond, who shortly after trained John Bascom when he beat Post Boy in a great match over the Long Island course. I assisted in timing all the "trial runs" of the stable, and as the race meeting drew near, Major Donelson called to notify me that the last and most important trial would take place on the following morning, urging me to be on hand, and saying the General and Mr. Van Buren (the Vice-President) would be present. Galloping out, I overtook the party, the General being as calm as a "summer's morning". On our arrival the horses were brought out, stripped, and saddled for the gallop. Busiris, an immense animal in size, and of prodigious muscular power, became furious and unmanageable, requiring two men to hold him for Jesse, Major D.'s colored boy, to mount. As soon as Busiris began "kerlaraping", General Jackson fired up, and took command, and issued orders to everybody. To the trainer he said, "Why don't you break him of those tricks? I could do it in an hour." Rarey could not have done it in a week. I had dismounted, prepared my watch, and taken my place immediately below the judges' stand for the purpose of timing, the General and Mr. Van Buren remaining on their horses in the rear of the stand, which was a safe and convenient position, as the quarter-

stretch was enclosed on both sides down to the stand, no other part of the course being inclosed on the inside. The General, greatly excited, was watching Busiris, and commanding everybody. He said to me, "Why don't you take your position there? You ought to know where to stand to time a horse"—pointing to the place I intended to occupy in due time. I "toed the mark", lever in hand, without saying a word (nobody ever "jawed back" at Old Hickory when he was in one of his ways). Busiris was still "kerlaraping". "Hold him, Jesse. Don't let him break down the fence; now bring 'em up and give 'em a fair start", and flashing his eye from the enraged horse to Mr. Van Buren, who had left his safe position in the rear and ridden almost into the track below the stand, he stormed out, "Get behind me, Mr. Van Buren, they will run over you, sir." Mr. Van Buren obeyed orders promptly, as the timer had done a moment before. This was one of the anecdotes current among the stump-speakers of Tennessee in the Presidential canvass of 1836, between Mr. Van Buren and Judge White, to illustrate General Jackson's fatherly protection of Mr. Van Buren. Lady Nashville and Bolivia were next brought out, and demeaned themselves in a most becoming manner. The trials were highly satisfactory, and greatly pleased the General, whose filly, Bolivia, a descendant of his favorite horse Truxton, was to run in an important sweepstakes at the coming meeting at Washington. He left the course in the finest humor, and on his way to the White House he gave us, in a torrent-like manner, his early turf experiences in Tennessee. He was the most fluent, impressive, and eloquent conversationalist I ever met, and in any company took the lead in conversation, and nobody ever seemed disposed to talk where he was, and on this occasion I found him especially interesting—going back to the race of Truxton and Greyhound at Hartsville in 1805, and coming up to the great match between his horse Doublehead and Colonel Newton's Cannon's Expectation, which was run about 1811 over the Clover Bottom course, four-mile heats, for $5,000 a side, Doublehead being the winner. He alluded to the intense excitement and extravagant betting on the Truxton and Greyhound race; said besides the main bet, he won $1,500 in wearing apparel, and that his friend, Patton Anderson, after betting all his money and the horse he rode to the race, staked fifteen of the finest horses on the ground belonging to other persons, many of them having ladies' saddles on their backs. "Now," said he, "I would not have done that for the world, but Patton did it, and as he won, and treated to a whole barrel of cider and a basketful of gingercakes, he made it all right." He recounted a thrilling incident, also, which occurred at Clover Bottom, after the race of Doublehead and Expectation, which illustrated his maxim "that rashness sometimes is policy, and then I am rash". "After the race," said he, "I went to the stable to see the old horse cooled off (it was near the proprietor's dwelling), and about dusk I observed Patton Anderson approaching in a brisk walk, pursued by a crowd of excited men, with several of whom I was aware he had an old feud. I was bound to make common cause with Patton, and I knew that unless I could check them we should both be roughly handled. I met them at the stile, and protested against their course as unmanly, and pledged myself that Patton would meet any of them at sunrise the next morning, and give satisfaction, thus delaying them until Patton had passed into the house. But the leaders of the crowd swore they intended to kill him, and I saw there remained but one chance for us, and that was to bluff them off. I knew they had no cause of quarrel with me, and that they sup-

posed I was armed; putting my hand behind me into my coat pocket, I opened a tin tobacco box, my only weapon, and said, 'I will shoot dead the first man who attempts to cross that fence,' and as their leader placed his foot on the first step, I raised my arm and closed the box with a click very like the cocking of a pistol (it was so dark they could not distinguish what I held in my hand), and, sir, they scrambled like a flock of deer. I knew there were men in that crowd who were not afraid to meet me or any other man; but, Mr. Van Buren, no man is willing to take the chance of being killed by an accidental shot in the dark." I am aware that Mr. Parton, in his life of General Jackson, represents the tobacco-box exploit as occurring in the daytime, at a long dinner-table, on the race-course, General Jackson on the top of the table, "striding at a tremendous pace to the rescue of Patton Anderson, wading knee-deep in dinner." " —*Guild: "Old Times in Tennessee."*



Love

Jake H. Harrison

The passion that the angels feel,
As through the holy light they move,
Around the throne of grace above,
Or to the Savior humbly kneel!
The thrill that stirs the mother's breast,
As with fond heart, and eyes ahaze
With tender tears, she bends her gaze
Upon her infant child at rest!

The passion that the Savior felt,
When He beheld the world in sin,
And knew it could not heaven win,
Unless He cruel death would face,
And through the warmth of saving grace,
The heart of Mighty Justice melt!

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By TOM DOLAN

IF the President's annual message still left the country in doubt, as some one expressed it, what kind of a man they had elected last fall, recent events have set all questions at rest. Mr. Taft, from a genial, easy-going person, surrounded by bad advisers but not personally of evil tendencies, now comes out boldly as the ally of the worst element of his party against those Republican members who have stood for cleanliness against corruption and for those things which may be broadly summed up under the head of a "Square Deal". Final apologies for Mr. Taft dwindle to the sad admission that, after all, he is a dangerous reactionary. He has abandoned unequivocally his attitude as the President of the whole people, to announce himself merely a ringmaster to whip into line the insurgents and to force, as brutally as is in his power, the Republican progressives to accede to the ruling of Cannon. Cannon, personally, is a vulgar old man, type of tricky politician, the hoary and grotesque survival of the era which made the term "politician" one of odium. Notwithstanding the wrong and corruption that exists, it must be conceded that these things are no longer ideals, as at one time they might have been considered. We have passed beyond the period when profit out of politics was the only criterion, and have reached the stage where there is at least vaguely felt an idea that filth, ring-rule and general skulduggery are reprehensible, even if they seem to *pay*.

TAFT IN THE RING.

Mr. Taft received more confidence than any other President; he has been allowed more time in which to declare his real policies than was reasonable; and at length that he has aligned himself with the disreputable wing of his party has caused universal indignation

Taft—"Oh, I Remember Now!"

—Donahey in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*

and will result in universal repudiation. Party lines are not so closely drawn any more, and although La Follette, Cummings, Dolliver, Bristow and other national figures are nominally Republicans, the public generally feels that their cause is the popular one. Mr. Taft's determination to withhold his patronage will do these gentlemen no harm but will eventually damage himself.

* * * * *

There is a split in the Republican party, the like of which has not been known for a generation. The outcome can not be other than good, for if the breach heal it will not be by reason of driving the reform element from the party, but by forcing the *de*formed element to get into a normal, pliable attitude toward government by the people instead of government by such monsters as Cannon, Aldrich, et al.

"What Have I Got Into?"
—Cleveland *Ledger*

Complacent Mr. Taft spoke very serenely of the desirability of a "formidable party of opposition". Well, he has got one rapidly growing, but it is coming from the breaking up of his own party, which, with the reform element elsewhere, is not going to prove so entertaining to Mr. Taft as disastrous to that gentleman. It is difficult to restrain a chortle of glee. And Mr. Taft will find that when the "formidable party of opposition" is made up of the solid South and West, together with the better element of the North and East, the New England ringsters will be wiped off the political map.

THE Ballinger-Pinchot controversy, while perhaps only an incident of the Republican split, has yet proven such a clear line of demarcation between the two factions that it is at the present time of paramount importance. It is scarcely necessary to review the history of conservation, as it is a matter of such common knowledge. "Pinchotism", while a term of reproach expressive of irritation and vexation on the part of a certain class whose "development of natural resources" merely means exploitation and ruination of the same, stands, in the popular mind, for much that is best in far-sighted statesmanship. Gifford Pinchot has made it his lifework to preserve great public benefits for the public instead of letting them be gobbled up by a few interests that could steal colossal fortunes by pursuing an unobstructed course in the grabbing of forests, minerals and waterpowers. Observing the formation of a great power trust, to which all other trusts would be tributary, Pinchot and his devoted subordinates sounded the clear note of warning when Richard Achilles Ballinger, political thug, took charge of affairs. The interests promoting the power trust had "a friend at court" who proceeded at once to turn over the Alaskan resources to corporate greed. The result is very recent history. Mr. Taft dismissed L. R. Glavis for criticising Ballinger, who ambled about the country loudly proclaiming that Richard A. was an innocent victim. Mr. Pinchot, however, refused to be sup-

BALLINGER VS. PINCHOT.

pressed by the example of discipline administered to Glavis, but continued his way serenely, reiterating his charges and proving them. Even while Mr. Taft was defending Ballinger, he admitted that he had not looked thoroughly into the case: that put *one* foot into it. Now, he fires Pinchot on the ground that he (Pinchot) has made charges without knowing all the evidence. If Taft could indorse Ballinger in bad English but in glorious spirit: "*You bet I have*," and the American people, "you bet" are enthusiastically willing to hear it, too.

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The President might just as well have handed Pinchot a bouquet as a dismissal, for all the effect it has had upon him. Instead of a crestfallen official slinking into obscurity, Gifford Pinchot departs from technical office

Between Two Fires —Baltimore *Sun*

Usual Fate of the Man Who Tries to Stand In With Both Sides

without knowing all the evidence, how can his remarkably judicial mind censure Gifford Pinchot for condemning Ballinger without all of the evidence? Taft is a great judge surely. Independent of the fact, however, whether Mr. Taft has investigated in the course of twelve months or not, Mr. Pinchot has been on the job long enough to be very certain of his ground, and the public is in no wise disposed to believe that he is in error.

Asked if he had any further statement to make, Mr. Pinchot responded amid the plaudits of his associates and a cloud of enthusiastic supporters, while Taft sucks the lemon in Cabinet meetings which are devoted to the tearful query of "where are we at"? With unexpected concerted action, the plan of allowing Joe Cannon to name "the investigating committee", in the Ballinger-Pinchot case, has fallen flat, and Uncle Joe has received a solar plexus blow that is paralyzing. Washington is in a great furore and muddle, with the insurgents strongly in the ascendant.

THE powerful psychic influence of English affairs upon the condition of our own country can not pass unnoted. January 15th will usher in the first of the series of elections which will determine the immediate result of the Constitutional revolution there. To say that England is in a ferment expresses it mildly. Meetings are characterized by passionate violence and even by bloodshed, and the indications are strongly in favor of the Liberals. "The power to tax is the power to destroy," and upon this hinges the whole situation. The Lloyd-George budget imposes a tax upon the Nobility that is a mere bagatelle in amount, but the project of forcing contributions from the *privileged class* instead of grinding it out of the *unprivileged mass* fills the soul of Hereditary Right with horror. The history of England will one day be viewed as an economic monstrosity, in that vested wrongs should by a mere perpetuity become vested rights. The time is ripe for a reversal of the iniquitous policy which for centuries has skimmed the cream of English industry, robbed the English laboring man of the fruits of toil in order to hold sacred the privilege of the aristocracy to toil not, and to look with a sneering disdain upon those who spin. As we have followed English precedent in law and many facts since the Colonies were founded, it is as much to our interests that the Lloyd-George budget should pass as it is to the people of Great Britain. True, we have no titled aristocracy here, and thanks to Thomas Jefferson, the evil of the entailed estate was abolished in his time; but we have an aristocracy of the moneyed class and the growth of trust estates, which amount to hereditary power, even stronger than that which has ever prevailed in England. The overthrow of the Peers will be an example of unparalleled value to us in a similar struggle which we will repeat here before the end of another decade.

THE ENGLISH GENERAL ELECTIONS.

WHAT king ever had a grip upon a people so great as that which Pierpont Morgan possesses? Under the negligence and corruption which has cursed the United States since the Civil War, the concentration of wealth has progressed until now practically one man controls the resources of America and a few dominate the entire world. Under the merger and trust, one interest has been absorbed by another, centralization has grown stronger and stronger until the Money Trust is a *fact* and a menace before which all other dangers are negligible. Time was when the wise and patriotic statesman who pointed out this, was hooted down as an agitator and demagogue. The evil tendencies met no effective check; the body politic drowsed like a drunken giant, while the threads of the beginnings were woven into ropes and the ropes tightened until the flesh suffers but can not arise from its prostration. Where will it end? Will the giant sober, and make a mighty struggle to free itself or will it lie and rot while Freedom weeps and Liberty crouches in despair?

MORGAN'S MONEY TRUST.

Your "shrewd business man" who wants confidence unshaken by agitation is, of all men, the most stupid; for his business is not in his control, as he fondly imagines, but in the hands of a little group of money kings who can dash it to fragments at a word. A panic may be precipitated tomorrow and the solidity of the industrial world dissolved between two suns. Labor must "submit or starve" and the masses can barely secure a precarious existence by delivering heavier and heavier tribute for the petty right to enough of the necessaries of life to keep from bitter destitution.

IN spite of the assertion that prosperity is at hand, comes the almost unanimous demand that Congress investigate the cause of high prices. One of the strongest statements on this subject comes from Alexander McDonald, one of the original Standard Oil magnates. After benefiting by the system which has impoverished the masses, he now, on the verge of the grave, gives this evidence of wisdom:

CONGRESS TO INVESTIGATE HIGH PRICES?

"It is becoming impossible for the wage-worker to make both ends meet. I do not recall when the cost of living was so high. Wages have not kept pace with prices. We will have to have a readjustment somewhere.

"It is not good that the mass of our people should be forced to live a hand-to-mouth existence. There is no incentive in work that produces nothing for the future. The saving ability of our people must not be curtailed.

"I can not see how the clerk who must pay the present high prices can support a family and save at the same time. The results of such a condition can not be anything but bad. It discourages marriage, among other things, and those who have means are living too extravagantly."

Grinding for the Philistines

—Baltimore *Sun*

Notwithstanding that these remarks come from one who should have used his influence against the terrible system, which has resulted in such a condition, there is about the view of McDonald an honesty and wholesome common sense foreign to the remarks of Champ Clark, in his recent silly

ebullition that "nobody would starve". Starvation, bad as it may be, is not the worst evil that could befall any one. The child who is forced into slavery and deprived of the right to an education and health does not necessarily starve. The wretched being who chooses the alternative of stealing and is sentenced to prison therefor never starves. The honest couple who lead a life of despair and hard work only to face the almshouse in their old age do not starve: the pauper's table is set for them three times a day. The shivering creature who stands for hours, waiting for a pint of wretched slop, called coffee, and a hunk of bread, does not *starve*. The thousands of men, women and children who never know what it is not to be hungry, do not actually starve. The girl who is thrown on the streets, the woman whose home is a brothel, and the piteous wreck of white womanhood who is sold to a negro, who insolently states that "white wimmin is the cheapest flesh on earth", do not *starve*. God of justice and mercy! If all of these *could* starve to

SPECIAL PRIVILEGE

We must face the truth that monopoly of the sources of production makes it impossible for vast numbers of men and women to earn a fair living. Right here the conservation question touches the daily life of the great body of our people, who pay the cost of special privilege. And the price is heavy. That price may be the chance to save the boys from the saloons and the corner gang, and the girls from worse, and to make good citizens of them instead of bad; for an appalling proportion of the tragedies of life spring directly from the lack of a little money. Thousands of daughters of the poor fall in the hands of the "white-slave" traders because their poverty leaves them without protection. Thousands of families, as the Pittsburg survey has shown us, lead lives of brutalizing overwork in return for the barest living.—Gifford Pinchot.

—Baltimore *Sun*

death after a few days of suffering, would it not be better for them to go that way than to drag out lives that are infinitely worse than those of the beasts?

Mr. Alexander McDonald is right; Champ Clark is eternally, weakly, idiotically wrong. The fool-killer ought to be busy with a man who slops over in any such fashion.

* * * * *

Congressional Investigation! The fool-killer should likewise do his duty by any one who would call for an investigation in this connection. The present high prices are so palpably the inevitable result of two things that no person with three grains of sense should fail to see the exact reason why. The tariff is one of them, the single gold standard is the other.

That no question is, or can be settled, until it is settled *right* is axiomatic. The result of the protective tariff is actually frightening its own advocates, and the contraction of the currency simply means that it takes continually more and more money to buy the same articles, and when the two evils are piled, Pelion upon Ossa, the burden is simply too great to be borne. The farmer jubilates over getting more money for his cotton, stock or grain, or for his fruit and vegetables, but when his wife comes to town, she finds that she can purchase no more household commodities than she could when the farm products were low. No industry can be exclusive beneficiary of high prices, but the thing works in a vicious circle, and in the center of that circle is the wage-earner, who has no way of escape. He finds it impossible to lay up anything for a rainy day and has long since given up the self-respecting effort to do so. Finally, even his necessaries are curtailed to just the amount he must have to support his existence. Let the Government issue money enough for the people's commercial needs and abolish the protective tariff! Then and not until then will we have equality of opportunity based upon individual merit and industry, with work for all and reward in proportion to the effort put forth.

GORGED with power, the Cannon-Aldrich crowd even has the nerve to want to foist upon the American people a Central National Bank, the very epitome of rascality. Whether or not there is the slightest prospect of getting such a measure through the Sixty-first Congress is beyond prediction, but that the attempt should be contemplated argues that these tools of special privilege think the American people devoid of ordinary intelligence. The wealth of the country is now centralized in the hands of Pierpont Morgan and his gang, and the idea of this one great National Bank is to throw the very resources of the Government, as well as the general earnings and savings of the people, into the hands of these unscrupulous manipulators of finance. It should be fought as we would fight fire that is destroying our homes; if not fought by ballot now and killed, the time will come when it must be fought by bullet.

THAT CENTRAL BANK PROJECT.

IF the large waxy ears of the putty-faced Mr. Knox are not pink with mortification over the fiasco he has made in Nicaraguan affairs it is because that gentleman's frog-like blood is deficient in the necessary red corpuscles out of which to make the vermilion hue. Mr. Zelaya, safe and sound and tolerably well-to-do financially, landed upon the unexpectedly friendly shores of Mexico and called down the Secretary from a fair vantage-point, in a manner which won the approval of all the world, with the exception of Mr. Knox and Mr. Senator Rayner of Maryland, both of whom

KNOX AND ZELAYA.

howled wildly for Zelaya's head. True, Mr. Zelaya lost his official position, but that political misfortune has been enjoyed by many another man, perhaps as good. His consolation should be his proof of the injustice done him and the impetus that has been given to the coalition of the Mexican and South American forces against future aggressions of pulpy United States officials.

The elevation of the little Knox creature to this high Cabinet office put a fat corporation rodent where a majestic mastiff was demanded. Apparently not acquainted with International law and precedent, he has not only made an egregious ass of himself but has put this Government in a most embarrassing position. Under what law or pretext could American incendiaries in Nicaragua be protected by the United States in the commission of crimes against another Government? Under what international law or precedent could the legitimate President of a free republic be haled (to Pittsburg, Pa.?) and tried for squelching traitors —foreign mercenaries at that—to his own country? The proposition is so absurd that it would be laughable if the result had not been to foment antagonism toward us in the countries to the South and set European ears aprick with suspicion of every move that will hereafter be made; for they too have colonists in South America, whose interests can not be jeopardized by imperialistic interference without embroiling the United States with powerful European nations.

Company is Coming

—Louisville *Herald*

ABSOLUTELY unique is the strike of the shirt-waist makers of New York. Not in its cause, of course; that is the very ancient one of wanting better pay and fairer dealing, and demanding that their Union be recognized; but the personnel of the strikers, some three thousand women, many of them young and strikingly pretty girls of the poorer classes, arrests sympathetic attention. Likewise, the swoop into the arena on their behalf of Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, American Suffragette of militant type, and Anna Morgan, daughter of Pierp., and numerous other women whose lives heretofore have been those of social butterflies. There has been a sudden, and seemingly real "getting together" of these widely separated representatives of femininity, and the result constitutes a force to be felt.

GOOD FOR THE GIRLS!

Still in the Saddle

—Baltimore *Sun*

At the outset, the "shirt-waist brigade" really hadn't the ghost of a show to win. Bertha Elkins, one of their number, essayed to make a few remarks upon the street, whereupon the cop woke to his chivalric duty, and hauled her to prison. The brutal bludgeoning methods were pursued in other instances, and arrests were made by the burly, officious "bobbies" who had for a time an entertaining cinch. Then came another class of people to the rescue, on the double-quick, with the result that Mayor McClellan gave orders that the girls were not to be arrested "except in extreme cases" and stopped what would have been a national shame.

The women—God bless 'em!—are obliterating the old, cruel caste lines between wealth and poverty. The unsavory element of patronage has not entered in, but there is a wholesome throb of genuine sisterhood pervading the strike.

It is outrageous that these girl-slaves, for merely voicing their wrongs, should be sent to prison, and compelled to associate with the hardened and degraded criminals there, and all America will resent it. Any "peace" the girls disturbed was the fat-headed and selfish sort that is always willing, when humanity is prostrate under the wounds of greed and oppression, to "pass by on the other side" and stop its ears and pretend not to see.

Women everywhere should applaud the stand taken by these garment-workers, and they will. Few indeed are those of the sex who would demand cheap clothing at the expense of a sister-woman's strength, her eyesight, her health, her chance for fair wage and decent living, but the conscientious doubter of bargains is invariably assured that no matter how much he or she pays, *the excess profit will never reach the garment-worker.* It will be stuffed into the pocket of some smug driver of sweat-shop labor—so the customer may as well get as many frills and stitches, laces and furbelows for the price as is offered on the bargain-counter.

"She hath done what she could."

Neither Belmont nor Morgan are names fragrant in American civic life, yet the women of these families are not responsible for—could not have prevented—the vicious systems which made their tainted money possible.

Therefore, without condoning the means by which the wealth was acquired on the part of the heads of the families, we can at least rejoice that the women have a strong enough sense of justice to sail in as allies of the shirt-waist makers; that they brave ridicule, loss of social prestige, etc., etc., for the sake of a *principle*.

IT is a hopeful sign—this awakening of women, and they are one and all referred to Senate Document No. 196. This is "A Partial Report from the Immigration Commission on the Importation and Harboring of Women for Immoral Purposes". But how dare any one refer *ladies* to such a document? This will be the indignant cry of that ape-like being who complacently murmurs: "Of course, we know that such evils exist, but they should not be discussed *in the home*." Oh, that blessed home, which is menaced by ignorance, devastated by disease and yet dare not peep out of its own window to see *WHY* innocent wives are wrecked victims of the operating table, why little children come into the world to bear the sins of the fathers "unto the third and fourth generations"! What would we think of that city which drank polluted water, and yet grew offended if a bacteriologist pointed out the source of the pollution, and its simple correction? And yet we go on, year after year, fostering a false modesty, and an egregious ignorance of much more vital questions—involving not only physical ills, but moral woe and ruin.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE WHITE-SLAVE TRADE.

Senate Document No. 196 states, officially, facts in reference to the White-Slave traffic which have become unofficially current, and its value largely consists in its careful, restrained admissions—yet unequivocal declarations—that give the lie to the charge that the allusions to these horrors spring from "sensationalism".

"It is unnecessary to comment," says the report, "on the ruinous influence of prostitution upon domestic and social life, or on its horrible effects which come alike to the guilty, and the innocent. But the horrors of the evil are accentuated, and its practices made more terrible in their results by the importation of women for the purposes of prostitution, with its attendant system of brutal degeneracy and cruel slavery. . . . The vilest practices are brought here from Continental Europe, and beyond doubt there has come from imported women and their men the most bestial refinements of depravity.

"This importation of women for immoral purposes has brought into the country evils even worse than those of prostitution. In many instances the professionals who come have been practically driven from their lives of shame in Europe on account of their loathsome diseases; the conditions of vice obtaining there have even lowered the standard of degradation of prostitution formerly customary here. Unnatural practices are brought largely from Continental Europe, and the ease and apparent certainty of profit has led thousands of our younger men, usually those of foreign birth or the immediate sons of foreigners, to abandon the useful arts of life to undertake the most accursed business ever devised by man.

"This traffic has intensified all the evils of prostitution which, perhaps more than any other cause, through the infection of innocent wives and children by dissipated husbands and through the mental anguish and moral indignation aroused by marital unfaithfulness, has done more to ruin homes than any other single cause.

"This statement of the conditions found by the agents of the commission may seem strong. The more detailed statements of the facts, with evidence upon which they are made, will show that the picture is not painted in too dark colors and will make evident the necessity of remedial legislation to check the traffic, which, perhaps more than any other one thing, is a disgrace to American civilization."

One of the saddest features of this monstrous system, is the birth of children to the innocent victim of the procurer, who is seduced by many lures,

one of the most devilish being that of a pseudo-marriage. In one lying-in hospital alone, an average of six illegitimate babies are born, every week, to unmarried immigrant girls. What becomes of these hapless creatures? The mother, of course, cruelly disillusioned, hunted and helpless, goes to the streets or to the brothel—but the tiny worse-than-orphaned waifs, what is *their* hope? Those who survive infancy, must be assimilated somehow by our civilization and that must mean, though the report could not go into that phase of the question, treating it as casual and incidental, that our orphanages take them, or they grow up on the streets without a chance to learn anything, or to be anything. Maybe God will pity and protect these little ones who may never hear His name spoken save in blasphemy—but certainly God should visit destruction upon a so-called "Christian civilization" which tolerates the White-Slave trade!

In the Open at Last

—Macauley in the New York *World*

THE delectable Dickinson is browsing around in Cuba. Just why he is flirting with the Queen of the Antilles, this gentleman has not said, but it is hardly probable that he is there for the sole purpose of enjoying the balmy breezes of the Island. Perhaps he wants the glory of bringing about the annexation of Cuba during his already distinguished administration.

RACE TROUBLES IN CUBA.

We ought to have Cuba, if for no other reason, that we have not troubles enough already, especially along racial lines. Wouldn't it much enhance the joy of our national life to have Cuba come in as a full-fledged American State? The negroes there have absolute social equality, and but recently they have asserted it by forcing an American bartender to serve them along with the whites. This case deserves at least a passing notice as merely symptomatic of the actual situation there. The refusal to serve a negro brought down a demand for condign punishment of the waiter. He was not drawn and quartered in accordance with the demand, but was let off with a *very effective penalty*, and to celebrate the victory the blacks crowded in to drink and riot and prove that they could *force* any hotelkeeper or restauranteur to treat them as exact social equals of the white patrons. If Cuba should be annexed it would mean negroes in Congress, and the national capital would be polluted with the saddle-colored element to be reckoned with in governmental affairs. It would be a highly appropriate and dignified situation indeed to have Mr. Nigger, "de gen'lman from Cuby," introducing laws for the government of the people of Georgia, would it not?

With the race troubles of Cuba as an independent nation, we have nothing whatever to do, but to drag the race troubles of Cuba into our National

Councils, through annexation, is a danger that should be avoided. Let the Island stew in its own grease and be as odoriferous and as indiscriminate as it pleases.

THE latter part of December saw the red exclamation point put on the page of history in Korea, Russia and India, the several victims being Premier Yi, at Seoul, the chief of the Czar's infamous secret police, and Arthur Mason Tippetts Jackson, the British chief magistrate at Nasik.

THREE OFFICIALS PAY THE PENALTY.

The cause of Premier Yi's death does not appear to come under the general head of such assassinations. If sincere, he was evidently in full sympathy with his people and opposed to Japanese aggressions. If he played the hypocrite, and Korean patriots knew it, then the reason for his death would not be far to seek. However, as this explanation does not seem to be the true one, the tragedy following so closely upon the assassination of Prince Ito, has about it the flavor of Oriental subtlety. Is it possible that Japanese sympathizers preferred to get him out of the way as a specific hindrance to their plans, or was it perhaps done to make the whole situation chaotic and obscure? There is no doubt but that if "affairs of state" required to demonstrate a confusing anarchy, or an unprovoked murder, all would be duly made ready therefor, even including the corpse.

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The killing of the English Judge is but another sign of the unrest in India, which the widely-heralded conciliatory policies toward the natives have failed to subdue.

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As for Russia, her story is one long drip of blood, the occasional bomb but serving to give the lie, emphatically, to the fiction that Russia is making steady progress toward reform. Minister Stolypin must work in an area circumscribed by suspicion and desperate reactionary opposition to the slightest real expansion of popular will, while the Duma's normal condition is one of political catalepsy.

Proceedings in Finland indicate this. The Duma has not even been consulted about a policy which may involve part of Northern Europe in war, and which certainly aims at removing from the unhappy Finns the faint trace of independence left to them after a long series of crushing injustices.

Specifically, the difficulty is over the payment of Two Million Dollars annually, ground out of Finland for exemption from military service. The Czar seeks to increase this by Two Hundred Thousand Dollars a year for the next ten years, until the sum reaches Four Million Dollars a year. To this outrageous proceeding the Finnish Diet naturally objects, not only because it puts upon the people a most oppressive tax, but because of principle; Russia has no right to tax Finland without the consent of the Diet, the Czar not being autocrat of their country, but merely its Grand Duke. It is apparent that the principle involved contemplates the obliteration of even a semblance of Finnish autonomy. The Diet peremptorily refused consent to the Czar's villainous proposition, whereupon it was dissolved, and Finland is in revolt. This helpless people can not maintain a successful revolution without external aid, but there is at least a faint hope that Sweden and Norway may intervene to prevent the absolute annihilation of Finnish rights.

* * * * *

Surely it is strange that decades pass without civilized Europe and America taking charge of Russia and forcibly bringing her up to a standard of comparative civilization and decency. Bar-

barities elsewhere provoke restraint upon the countries practising them, but Russia, for some unaccountable reason, appears exempt. Even have Minister Stolypin's policies been commended by a negligent press, as humane and progressive, although the effect of many of his most liberal (?) measures is merely to decrease effectual popular opposition to Autocratic Domination. He is busily engaged, for instance, in colonizing Russian citizens in Siberia. Were Russia an overcrowded country, this would be wise, but it is, in fact, sparsely settled and the further scattering of its people weakens their chance of concerted action and puts them more pitifully in the power of the Czar and his minions. Russian farms should be restored to the peasantry from whom they are kept by a terrorized and barbarous landlordism that wants tenant-slaves, not an independent agricultural class. Home-owning in Russia itself would be a far more hopeful policy for ultimate reform than the colonization of the bleak Siberian wastes, where the social bonds and liberal aims will be lost sight of in the grim grapple with primitive conditions.

NO true man lives or dies in vain for a good cause. Francisco Ferrer, the Spanish martyr, passed away, but the recent municipal elections in Spain as well as the attitude of the King and his present ministry, show that Spain has been profoundly impressed for good by his life and works. Not his alone the glory—for many others labored at his side, and the number of true heroes who were put to death, banishment or other persecution will perhaps never be known—but he in particular gloriously typifies the hero,—simple, unassuming, gentle, and brave—who was killed, because he would not conform to dominant Dogma.

FERRER'S FRAGRANT MEMORY.

The Liberal and Republican parties have shown a tremendous increase in strength since the riots in Barcelona, and signs point to a marked diminution of clerical power, or a general war-to-the-knife situation between the clericals and anti-clericals, similar to that which exists in France. It is reported that the ministry is opening negotiations with the Vatican, looking toward a more liberal policy, a revision of the Concordat, and concessions that will tranquillize the realm. Unfortunately, the Pope is not likely to consent to any curtailment of his franchises in Spain, but will likely make the same plea that "religion is being attacked" that he has made and that his predecessors have always made, when Churchly prerogative was jeopardized by the revolt of a long-suffering See against the Papal inquisition.

But a part of Spain, at least, means to be free from the gag and the thumbscrew,—peaceably, if possible, but if not, then free at any cost.

When Joan of Arc was canonized, recently, Pope Pius spoke poetically of those who, "leaving on earth the perfume of their virtues, ascended to Heaven." Francisco Ferrer is one of these, and the people, if not the Church, will canonize him in their hearts.

CHARLES W. MORSE is now No. 2814 in the Federal Prison at Atlanta. In the long, sad file of convicts, few have ever received the attention given to Morse. If the original Dodo bird had flown to the top of the prison, or if perpetual motion had at last been accomplished, the furore would not have been greater than the actual remanding of this man to prison; not that he was not abundantly guilty of many crimes not only in law but against humanity, but the very fact that a *rich* man had really been sent to prison caused the world to gape and

NO. 2814.

wonder. It is most regrettable that any excitement at all should have been occasioned and so much press comment been made. Were our laws properly applied, Morse would have abundant companionship from his own class of wealthy criminals.

The Case of Mr. Morse!

—Atlanta *Constitution*

It is a reflection upon the good sense of our people that any petition should have been put in circulation for the pardon of this great criminal who, by illegal means and vicious practices, got his money at the expense of others. Even our language is faulty, when reputable papers carelessly speak of Morse having "made millions". He has never *made* a dollar; he has merely by chicanery and criminality *stolen* the fruits of other men's labor and manipulated them to his own advantage. That he is not alone in these devious devices is due to neglect in the application of the laws we have and to the weakness in our economic system

which permits gambling and every variety of criminality to flourish. Maudlin sympathy for Morse is wholly out of place; he is right where he ought to be and getting far better treatment than his precipitation of the panic of 1907 has made it possible for many an innocent family to obtain. He has plenty of cool water to drink, which is far more than his merciless greed allowed thousands of suffering, sick little babies to receive, because his Ice Trust prevented the little creatures getting this pitiful need supplied.

Of course, some saphead will say that he does not feel any sympathy or pity for Morse, the man, but the loyalty of Mrs. Morse commands admiration. Queer idea. True conjugal fidelity is a noble sentiment, worthy of all honor, but we fail to see its peculiar application in the Morse case. Where, oh, where! was the lady's wifely regard for old "Pop" Dodge? What direction did it take when nobody knew whether she was Mrs. Morse, Mrs. Dodge or Mrs. Somebody Else? From a housekeeper flunkying around the Morse establishment the lady flourished matrimonially, which was creditable to her acumen; and her bread is still buttered decidedly on the Morse side, consequently her frantic devotion and indefatigable efforts to secure his release. The malodorous Morse pair should cease inflicting themselves upon the public, but rest in obscurity if not peace.

KING LEOPOLD of Belgium is no more. Surrounded by the "Baroness" Vaughan and other sobbing relatives, he tendered his checks, duly certified by the Vatican.

TAFT BEREAVED BY LEOPOLD'S PASSING.

Of King Leopold's reign much might be written as to his rule in Belgium and his misrule in the Congo region, but that is familiar history. The Pall Mall *Gazette*, ever industriously grovelling at the feet of royalty, valiantly sums Leopold up in the following comment: "After all, he was a perfect gentleman." If this be true, may the good Lord deliver us from those who have not yet attained perfection in the gentlemanly arts of robbery, rapine, mayhem and murder. Not that we would say anything against the departed monarch, for was he not the faithful "che-ild" of the Pope? Ed. the Seventh grieved sorely; Nick the "Twoth" wailed and wept; but the blow almost killed Taft who, surrounded by his faithful Diplomatic Corps, wallowed in incense and holy water at mass, and beat his breast and howled. It was heartrending, his terrific grief over the loss of his fellow sovereign. There is a good deal of Taft to mourn, and about three hundred pounds of flesh quivered with grief that was only consoled by the certainty that his tears and pence would get Leopold through the Pearly Gates and into the bosom of St. Peter.

Of course, in his official capacity, Mr. Taft is obliged to take cognizance of the departure of monarchs from this mundane sphere, and doubtless he had to comment upon the death of this old curmudgeon and wholesale murderer, but he might have confined the expression of his sorrow to a brief cablegram of congratulation to the long afflicted people of Belgium on their riddance of Leopold and the accession to the throne of a very decent man and woman. Affairs in the Congo Free State promise better, and we are hopeful that the annual crop of dismembered limbs will be decreased hereafter. Also upon the throne is a king whose life seems unspotted in every respect and whose queen is a gentle lady, of whom her people may be proud.

IN THE REAR

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A BOY DURING THE CIVIL WAR

By CLARENCE THOMAS
The Author of the Life of General Turner Ashby

(CONTINUED FROM JANUARY ISSUE)

Part II.

PERHAPS the second largest cavalry fight in the Army of Northern Virginia commenced near Aldie, Loudoun county, Virginia, about the 17th day of June, 1863, and closed on Sunday, June 21st, at only a short distance beyond Upperville, Virginia.

The distance from Aldie to Upperville is thirteen miles on the Alexandria and Winchester turnpike.

This five days' fight was developed by General Pleasanton, commanding the Northern cavalry, to discover the movement of General Lee on his march into Pennsylvania.

Gen. J. E. B. Stuart commanded the cavalry of Lee in masking Lee's rear in his march north.

At Aldie, the Snikersville turnpike forms an acute angle with the Alexandria turnpike,—Little River,—the former passing over the Blue Ridge Mountain at Sniker's Gap (now Bluemont), the latter passing through Paris and over Ashby's Gap, some ten miles apart.

In the acute angle between the pikes, and on both, the fight opened hot and heavy; with General Rosser on the Alexandria and General Munford on the Sniker's pike.

Here Captain John Lamb, Congressman now from Richmond, of the Third Virginia, and Captain Aleck Payne, of the Fourth, greatly distinguished themselves by desperate charges to protect our sharpshooters. The topography of this section is specially suited to sharpshooting tactics, the country being interlined with stone fences.

The Rebels killed so many Yankees during this first day's engagement that a Massachusetts regiment has erected a monument on the eastern slope of the Catoctin mountain, Sniker's pike.

On both pikes the fight continued throughout each day, growing hotter and hotter until it culminated in and around Upperville, Fauquier county, the home of the writer.

In these fights, Major von Borcke, a Prussian officer on General Stuart's staff, was badly wounded in the neck, either at Mount Defiance or on Goose Creek bridge.

He was a giant in body, a "gay sabreur", hunting the "hurly-burly" of the fight.

At Upperville, General Pleasanton tried to flank Stuart on Stuart's left by pressing his, Pleasanton's, right from north to south.

This forced General W. E. Jones, commanding Ashby's old brigade on Stuart's left, into a bloody engagement a half-mile from Upperville, to hold the enemy until Stuart could pass through the town.

At this time Stuart was in the center, with Hampton on his right, on the south. Hampton, as always, distinguished himself at Upperville. With General Jones was Chew's Horse Artillery, first organized under General Turner Ashby, in 1861, who insisted

that the privates, as well as the officers, should be mounted.

A half a mile north of Upperville Chew's battery left, strewn upon a forty-acre field, forty dead horses of the enemy, marking the skill and prowess of that command.

The writer and many other boys counted the horses the next day.

While the Home Guards sniffed the battle from afar, the big guns were music to the ear, and they sang, "Now let the big guns roar as they will, we'll be gay and happy still."

But when they came nearer and nearer that glorious Sabbath day, the light grew darker, the air denser, and every boy made for the cellar.

Before the engagement opened in the village, Stuart had the citizens notified to go into their cellars, as the enemy would likely shell the town; which they did.

All the talk of battles, the pictures of charges, all the descriptions and reading of wars since, never so filled the mind of the captain of the Home Guards as what he saw, heard and felt that Sabbath. This was the realization of all his imaginations and hopes flashed upon his eyes.

The rest of his family, only ladies and servants, with many neighbors, had gone to the cellars,—four large rooms.

The mother of the captain of the Home Guards, finding him missing, sent his nurse to find and bring him to the cellar. She found him at the front door of the house and grabbed him just as the pistols began to crack in the street in front of the door.

The fight inside of the hall was quicker, if not as hot, as the fight outside. The Captain, for the first time and the last, whipped his nurse with the aid of the singing bullets.

When the Captain looked out of the door again, there was "Jeb" Stuart sitting his horse, smiling, as cool and calm as I feel whilst writing this sentence.

An officer with a dispatch dashed past him, but had to return; (I did not blame him) for that place then was as hot as a hornet's nest.

Stuart, still smiling, told him to keep cool. Then Stuart, with the street full of his men, charged and made it hotter. But where now was this boy who fought to see a battle, when the big guns roared? He fell at the *first* crash and every crash, crawling between the crashes the full length of the long hall. Every time a shell passed over him he said, "Now I am dead." When the sound ceased, he crawled. Dying and crawling, crawling and dying, he reached the back staircase, when with crash of flames and thunder he rolled and fell into the cellar.

The Captain thought a shell rolled in with him: the people in the cellar took the Captain for a shell.

As he rolled over and over under petticoat government, the petticoats became panic-stricken, screamed and jumped, calling out, "Bombshell, bombshell"! The Captain wished he had never been born.

From that field of strife the most lasting and beautiful picture he retains, through the mental eye, is "Jeb" Stuart, astride his blood bay horse. Amid swearing, shouting troopers, horses prancing and rearing, pistols cracking, he sat calm and undaunted, the great cavalryman,—the splendid knight of the thin gray line that has almost passed away.

The issue between Stuart and Pleasanton made this a stubborn fight. Stuart was trying to mask Lee's advance north by covering his rear guard. Pickett's division of Longstreet's corps. Pleasanton's duty was to break through this shield and discover the trend of Lee's march.

Stuart fought so stubbornly, from the Bull Run mountain to the Blue Ridge, that Pleasanton was compelled to put infantry against the cavalry

shield before he could force it back near the mountain gaps.

But times were getting harder; less to eat, and less to wear; the angel of death smiting every doorpost; the larger boys becoming more in danger of being taken to prison, the company disbanded in December, 1863.

Some half-dozen of the larger members joined Mosby, and those who did fall, fronting the foe, bear dumb but eloquent witness to their prowess.

The Captain's family paid sad tribute in their loss with others, two remaining out of seven. He and his grandmother were left like weeping willows about the old roof tree.

But that which is akin to God in mankind grows never so sweetly as in adversity—like flowers crushed.

Memory lingers here over two names, Major John Scott and Mr. George S. Ayre, whose kindness will be cherished as long as the heart beats. A little later a woman's voice called to us in our distress from dear old Loudoun, where the land seemed to us to be flowing with milk and honey. Heavenly peace to her whose life sank to rest like a summer's wave along the shore.

At this old country homestead, Groveton, there was no company of boys, and the peace was only broken by the cry of "The Yankees are coming, so skedaddle with the horses."

But this haven of rest was rudely broken into in the fall of 1864, by the burning raid of Northern cavalry through parts of Loudoun and Fauquier counties. One old lady proved herself to be "the blue hen's chicken" during that period. When the barnburners seemed to be leaving her barn without burning it, she called on them to "burn it to the ground," saying "she did not wish to be left better off than her neighbors."

The excuse for the burning raid was said to be to get rid of Mosby. But it did not accomplish its purpose, as Mosby waxed stronger and made many a bluecoat bite the dust for such fiendish vandalism.

For the greater part of three days and nights the flames raged over barns, cornfields, haystacks and all provender.

By day, it was a pillar of smoke; by night, a pillar of fire. At night, it looked like the end of time, when the elements seemed rolled together in a fiery scroll.

In March, 1865, General Stahel came into Loudoun with a brigade of cavalry and camped about the Groveton house.

All the horses on the place, except Dinah, a race mare belonging to Mrs. Carter, had been run into the Catoctin mountains. A Yankee officer whom Mr. Carter, my relative, knew, told him that the mare should not be taken.

About midnight, the officer notified him that the mare had attracted attention at headquarters as being a fine animal, and would be taken in the morning. Mr. Carter woke me up at once, telling me of the message, and asked if I could take her through the pickets.

My heart was in my mouth, but when I thought of the loving kindness of Mrs. Carter, who treated me like her own sons, I said that I would try. Boylike, I had located the pickets at sundown.

An old, faithful servant, "Timber Leg" George (one leg), took me to the stable and bridled Dinah and then helped me through the barn gates. Timber Leg planned and I executed.

For a short heat Dinah was very fast. Timber Leg said, "When we get Dinah through the gates, I'll help you up and hold her until you have her well in hand, then I will lie down close to the barn, so as not to get shot, and when I do, you lie down on her neck, go like the devil, but don't let her jump from under you."

When I put my heel in her flanks she went like a streak, and all I heard from the Yankee pickets was, "Halt, halt!"

and the next minute I had leaped a pair of bars and was in the woods.

After my mind was made up to the attempt, all nervousness passed in the excitement of adventure.

The most trying time was holding the mare in Beaver Dam woods until morning. She was very restless, and I got off of her and held her by the reins behind a big tree until daybreak.

Then I mounted and rode to the mountains, where I found others hiding horses. We could see from our vantage-point on the mountain, without being seen, the Yankees, later in the day, go back towards Fairfax Court House and Washington.

After the coast was clear, we returned about sundown.

Thus ended the Captain's military experience.

In the law of balances there are compensations, and without them life, at times, would be insupportable.

In the encircling gloom of a ruined home and hopes, a fair hand beckoned, which, through the witchery of love, the Captain holds unto this day.

Paean of the South

Hinton Booth

O South, thy beauteous morn,
From sunland slumbers born,
Wakes into day;
From fields of golden grain,
From willing hills and plain,
Rings loud o'er moor and main
Thy matin lay.

Thy day shall ne'er grow dim,
While swells the choral hymn
In glad acclaim;
Thy own hard fate forgot,
White-robed and free from spot,
Thy glory fadeth not.
O stainless name!

Love walks upon thy sands,
Thy hills with patient hands
She decks with flowers.
Fresh faith and hope are here,
Breathed in thy morning prayer,
O joyous land and fair,
Thy pride be ours!

O South, thy glory floods
All thy abounding woods;
Hence shall arise
Thy own heroic throng,
To chant in martial song,
That right shall battle wrong,
Till error dies.

"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED!"

By ALFRED LATHROP LAWRENCE

THEY had had a sharp passage at breakfast over some detail of housekeeping, but now both were thinking contrite things.

"Must you hurry away?" she asked, with a suspicion of returning fondness.

"Awfully busy!" he ejaculated shamefacedly. "And I've an errand this morning out of office." He could divulge so much of those secret intentions born after clashings had brought tears to her eyes. "These housekeeping cares are making you thin, Amy! I'm glad you're going to send the children away for a week. Perhaps you'll get a little rest."

"Oh, I shall be all right, Tom," she protested now. "Mother's been wanting them for a long time—" Then an infantile cry interrupted. "There, baby's wakened! I must run and see to her—"

"See to her, but don't run," Carwood commanded.

He lingered to see that she walked up the stairs, having a double interest in the assurance this time.

Out on the porch, which ran clear and wide before the three houses, Carwood glanced first at the Keenes' front door on one side, and then at the Holly's on the other. He decided to use the Hollys', and hurriedly pressed their bell. Then he became cold with the fear that Amy might catch him in this secret act.

It was a great relief when Mrs. Holly let him in. "No, there's no one sick," he replied to her question. "But I want your help to get up a surprise on Amy. Poor girl! she hasn't many social pleasures. She's tied down at home pretty close. But she's going to send the children away into the country for a week. Friday's her birthday. I want to get up an old-fashioned surprise—what mother used to call a 'hen party'. 'Pink teas'—aren't they called now? But I want to make this a kind of six o'clock dinner. Something pretty nice. I'll get a caterer to attend to all that. I don't want Amy to have any bother at all. A complete surprise, you know. I'll keep clear of the house myself—so you ladies will have it all your own way. You know who Amy would like to invite. I'll leave that all to you. Am I asking too much?"

"No, indeed, Mr. Carwood!" declared Mrs. Holly impulsively. "You do me great honor. And I'll see that the surprise *is complete*, too!" she boasted. "It shan't be like that Blamfield affair. You know the men talked of it at their club, a reporter overheard, and it all came out in the paper the day before it was to occur! It really isn't safe for the men to know of this. I shall charge every wife not to mention the thing before her husband. I almost wish you didn't know of it yourself, Mr. Carwood. But leave everything to me. The ladies can meet here, and we'll all march to your front door in a body. Mrs. Keene, Mrs. Manson, Mrs. Lemby,—I know who Amy's friends are—Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Wilmot, Laura Blamfield— They can come up to our side door, and your wife will never guess a thing till we get there! Have the caterer come here, too. He can use my kitchen for a base of operation. For once we shall find it convenient living in a row of houses, with continuous porches in front and rear!"

Carwood had begun to feel cold perspiration again at the thought of leaving the house, with its possibility of discovery by Amy; but the mention of

the side entrance helped him out. As he slipped through the door, Mrs. Holly detained him with a last precaution.

"Have no fear of me, Mrs. Holly," he returned, with a joy light as ether, and tiptoed down the street till out of sound of home.

* * * * * * *

Jack Keene—as most people called him after the first formality—had just pushed back the papers on his desk, pulled down the roll-top, and turned in his swivel chair, when there came a timid knock at his office door. The knock was such as his wee daughter gave, and he wondered what she would do if he made no sign of being there. But the door opened—and diffident Mrs. Carwood, taking courage of success so far, stole in.

"Oh, Mr. Keene! You *are* here! I waited till the close of office hours, because I know how Tom dislikes to be interrupted:—and I was afraid I had waited too long! But you *are* here!"

"Indeed, I am, Mrs. Carwood; and at your service. Pray be seated."

He was wondering what could bring his next-door neighbor to seek a lawyer's assistance when she began—

"Poor Tom has to work so *dreadfully* hard! He has no time for recreation. If you were working for a trust, Mr. Keene—" She sighed, and he understood her to be a picture of despair.

"I should have an income that would make my present one look like twenty-three cents," he interjected—

"Yes—they pay it all to lawyers," she retorted:—"what they don't keep themselves! The workmen—like my Tom—get only enough to keep the wolf from the door. Poor fellow! he's just got to have some amusement. Friday is his birthday. He'll never do a thing for himself, Mr. Keene, so I mean to get up a surprise on him—if you will help me."

"With the greatest pleasure, Mrs. Carwood."

"*Stag parties*, Tom used to call them."

"Oh—I see. A dinner—with a smoker after, maybe? The ladies are not to be invited?"

"Not a lady. I'm going out to mother's, so you men will have the house all to yourselves. I sent the children there yesterday. I thought I could get you to place the whole thing in the hands of a good caterer. You know how Tom would want it done;—or you, yourself. Do it that way."

She opened her purse and fingered a roll of bills.

"How large a company do you wish?" he asked.

"Oh, the inviting—I was going to leave that to you. May I? You know whom Tom would like: Mr. Holly, Mr. Manson, Frank Lemby, Harry Scott, George Wilmot, Mr. Blamfield, —all of our set, you know. Enough to fill our rooms comfortably—"

"I see. I'll attend to it all, and let you know the cost. I'll have the things sent up to my house, and we can get them there. My wife is up to something—I don't know what. She said she'd not be at home that evening, and that I'd better get my dinner at the club. I'll make it right with Gretchen so we can used the kitchen as a store-room, and at the right moment we'll just shove things into your back door. I'll have the fellows meet at our house, and we'll attack Tom simultaneously at the front and rear. He'll never suspect a thing till we're on him —horse, foot, and dragoons. It'll not be another Blamfield fiasco, I assure you. Ha, ha, ha! Wasn't that a cracker-jack? I'll tell every fellow to keep the matter from his wife. If it hadn't been for that Dorcas meeting of yours, and the lady reporter—"

"Now, Mr. Keene! You know the men were to blame—"

"I know it's an awfully tender subject with you ladies: ha, ha, ha!" He laughed provokingly, and then dropped

his teasing. "Friday night—let me make a note of that. All right, Mrs. Carwood. I'm glad to serve you. Tom does work hard, and an evening's diversion at home will be refreshing. If every fellow had a wife like his—"

"An evening's diversion at home would be equally rare! Thank you, Mr. Keene!"

"Mrs. Carwood!" he protested. "You know I didn't mean—"

She was on her way to the door, but turned to show a face too pretty for anger.

"Oh, yes you did! But do your best with Tom's surprise, and I'll forgive you!"

* * * * * * *

On Friday afternoon Amy Carwood wrote a short note for her husband to read as soon as he arrived at home. The note said:—

"Dear Tom:—I'm going out to mother's to see the children, and shall spend the night there. Mr. Blamfield is coming to dine with you. I hope it will prove *good business* this time—"

Shrugging her shoulders, she commented—"I've got to say something to keep him at home." and then she added to the note—

"It is your birthday, you know. I have planned a little surprise for you, so please don't go into the dining-room till Mr. Blamfield comes. I can trust you now, can't I, Tom, dear?

"Amy."

As Tom ate his lunch alone in the down-town restaurant that day, he got to thinking it would be just like Amy to run out to see the children. He never knew her to be away from them three whole days before. A picture of his house full of ladies and the hostess away in the country, made his blood run cold. He must find some way to keep her at home. The sight of a fruit-vender's shop gave him an inspiration. Preserved peaches were Amy's one weakness. He purchased a bushel of the ripe fruit, and dispatched it at once by a special messenger bearing a note as follows:—

"Dear Amy:—I made this find coming from lunch. I know how fond you are of preserved peaches, and these are a bargain at this season. Make the most of them. I wish I could deliver them in person, but Hammerton is coming with his motor-car to take me for a spin into the country. Of course there's big business back of it. Nothing less would take me from you on this the day of all days.

'Maybe I shall see the children.

"Tom."

* * * * * * *

By five o'clock Mrs. Holly was in despair of her undertaking. The ladies had commenced to arrive at her side door—and not the first sign of a caterer was to be seen!

"You don't suppose Mr. Carwood could have forgotten to engage one?" she asked the ladies, her voice trembling in the fear of such contingency.

"Men are *awfully* forgetful," was Mrs. Manson's comforting remark. "Can't you 'phone him?" she suggested.

"I've tried five times! Apparently he's not in his office. I know men are forgetful," she agreed, as one who had cause to know. "I made out the menu three days ago, and gave it to him, charging him just as I would my own husband—*not to forget!* You don't know how I hate to fail in anything I undertake! There! What was that?"

A stir at the rear of the house had reached her ears, and Mrs. Holly disappeared in its direction, hope springing in her heart. Scarcely a moment passed before she burst in upon the ladies again.

"Good heavens! what do you suppose that man has done?" she cried,

wringing her hands. "He's sent wines and cigars! *Wines and cigars*," she repeated, "*for a pink tea!*"

"Why, I thought it was to be a dinner!" said Mrs. Manson, missing the real concern and putting forward one of her own.

"So it is," declared Mrs. Holly testily. "But only ladies are invited. *Do you smoke?*"

"Isn't there some mistake?" questioned Mrs. Scott pacifically.

"Perhaps it's only a joke," suggested Mrs. Lemby.

"Tom Carwood won't think it a joke when I see him!" vowed Mrs. Holly, with an ominous shake of her head. "I tried to think the boy had made a mistake, Mrs. Scott. But he seemed to know all about it. 'The boss tells me, mum,' he retorted saucily, 'as it's a surprise on the Carwoods. An' the boss says I'm to leave the things nixt door. Be dad, if this is nixt door it's all right, mum. An' here's where I leaves 'em.' With that he was gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Mrs. Blamfield, with uplifted hands. "You didn't let him leave them!"

"I couldn't stand on the back steps and dispute with him, could I? Mrs. Carwood is liable to appear at her door any minute!" Then with a sudden fall in her voice. "I wonder at it—it's as quiet as the grave over there!"

* * * * * * *

But in the country!

"Tom Carwood!" Amy gasped in despair, the moment her husband's step sounded on the gravel. She rushed to the door to confront him. "You here!" she cried, making no effort to hide her displeasure.

"Amy!" he exclaimed. "Good heavens! girl, why aren't you at home?"

"Because I'm here—visiting my own mother—and my children! But you—"

"The children are mine, too—are they not?" he returned, meeting anger with sarcasm. "And your mother is my fond mother-in-law! But why are we quarreling?" he added, and forced a good-natured laugh. The thought of the ladies soon to meet in his house, drove him to diplomacy in hopes yet to save the day. "You see, Amy," he explained, making amends in his tones, "I found a bushel of the finest peaches you ever saw, and sent them up to the house. They won't keep till tomorrow. I was just thinking of them, and supposed you were at home preserving them. The sight of you here carried me off my feet." He took out his watch. "You can catch the next train down. There are ten minutes yet," he continued persuasively. "It's such a pity to have all those fine peaches spoil—"

"Well, I guess not!" she interrupted. "I'm not going back to work over any hot stove. I'm going to spend the night here with mother and the children. But you, Tom Carwood, if you know when you're well off, you'll take the next train home yourself. Mr. Blamfield made an appointment with me to meet you at our house at seven. I left a note explaining it to you—and a splendid dinner! You told me once that it was worth a thousand dollars to keep an engagement with Ben Blamfield. Now, Tom, deary, if you're spry, you can catch that next train—"

"Not on your life!" he retorted, with fresh anger. "I'm out here with Hammerton in his motor-car. We're going back to dine at—at his club. If an engagement with Blamfield is worth a thousand dollars, one with Hammerton is worth two thousand. Let me kiss the baby, and I'll be off—"

He stepped toward the entrance.

"No, you sha'n't," she snapped, and springing into the house, slammed the door in his face, and stood with hands braced against the panels.

What Carwood muttered will be omitted. There was no way for him but to return home and make such explanation as he could to his house full

of ladies. Amy heard him leave the porch.

"I could cry!" she said to herself,—and then did. "I never knew Tom to be so provoking! What *will* those men do alone in our house? Somebody —*somebody* has got to tell them!"

* * * * * * *

Just before it was time for the men assembled in the Keene drawing-room to march in upon Carwood, supposed to be alone in his home next door, Jack bethought him of the supplies he had ordered delivered in his own kitchen, and slipped away from the fellows to investigate.

"Ah, Gretchen, where is the man—the chef—caterer—you know?" he asked, taking a cursory glance at the good things laid out on the tables.

"Sure, I've seen none but the young man that brought the supper. Ant he's gone already. Joost as he went out, he said—'Don't kit scart if the old gent waz a leetle late.' Which I think he meant the cook—or the caterer, as youse calls him now."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Keene, snapping to his watch,—"hasn't been here at all! It's time we were sitting down now. Carwood's liable to snatch a bite and be off for the evening. Let's see how that man filled my order—"

He took up one of the dainty menu cards, and began to read—

"'Consomme a la croutons; bouchees; Waldorf salad; salad a la poulet.'—confound the French. Did I order such stuff?" He read on, passing over the foreign names as if they were a snore:—"M-m-m-m-salad; m-m-m-*salad;* m-m-m-SALAD; m-m-m-SALAD';—I must have had a nightmare, and dreamed my stomach was a silo!—'Maccaroon parfait; strawberry cannelon glace; cafe frappe; orange sherbet; pineapple mousse;'—A woman's dinner—or I'm a lunatic! My wife might have ordered it—but I swear I never did! Not a cigar, not a bottle of wine; and I was most particular—"

"Zay—zay—zay!" cried a white-capped fellow, bursting through the rear door. "Zeece ees all one beeg meestake—"

"Beeg!" snorted Keene. "I rather think it is—"

"Ah, yez, monsieur. Zhey all belongs two door zeece way. My boy—he will remove zhem—"

"But where's *my* dinner?" demanded Keene.

"Ah, monsieur haff a dinner? Ah, I not know zhat. If monsieur haff but order of me, zere be no meestake," returned the chef suavely. "Zhe dinner —he be here now—"

"Confound your impertinence! So these go to Holly's? Holly is here. I'll see him—"

"I say, Holly," Keene called, striding into the room where the men waited his leadership, "what's going on at your house? A dinner that would drive a man to the apothecary's—"

"At my house!" interrupted Holly, in amazement. And then a commotion in the street drew all to the window. An automobile had puffed up from the west at the same time a coupe pulled up from the opposite direction, and they now confronted each other before the Carwood home. As Tom Carwood sprang from his automobile, the cabman helped Mrs. Tom to alight from the coupe.

* * * * * * *

Assured by the chef that the dinner she had ordered had been left one door west instead of one door east of the Carwoods—a mistake that could easily be rectified—Mrs. Holly had marshalled her ladies in order, and just as the carriages appeared in the street they began their march down the long porch for the Carwood front door. The men in the Keene drawing-room hearing the rythmic movement of many feet, poured out upon the porch to see what

it all meant. These two divisions stood confronting each other, while in the street the Carwoods glared and gasped—

"Tom!"

"Amy!"

"What does it mean?"

"You tell me!"

And on the porch—"You here!"—"Jack!" — "Emma!" — "Charlie!"—"Aggie!"—"You here!" wives screamed and husbands shouted as they stared at each other.

"You said only ladies were invited!" Mrs. Manson turned upon Mrs. Holly.

"You told me it was to be a 'stag party!'" Blamfield threw at Keene.

"Queer kind of 'hen party'—this!" commented Mrs. Lemby at the top of her voice.

"And is this your smoker?" cried Harry Scott derisively as he confronted Keene.

Meanwhile, the Carwoods were slowly making their way to the door. "You said *only* Blamfield!" quarreled Tom with his wife, "and there are Keene, and Scott, and Lemby, and Holly, and Manson—"

"I don't see what those ladies are here for," Amy was saying, giving not the slightest heed to her husband's words. "I told Mr. Keene—"

"Those ladies,—you might as well know now," said Tom,—"I invited to surprise you. But why in thunder the men—"

"Why, Tom, I invited the men to surprise you!"

This explanation, made at the foot of the porch within the hearing of all, was greeted with such a shout that people for a block came to their windows to see what was the cause.

Tom and Amy accepted the situation gracefully then, and drove their friends inside; but it was an hour before the two belated chefs could agree in combining the work of their hands, and mold the whole into one glorious dinner. But at last it was done.

In the march to the dining-room, Mrs. Holly fell to Mr. Keene, and the two compared notes by the way.

"I say," began Keene, as he faced Carwood and his wife across their board—

"You told me," interjected Mrs. Holly, shaking her finger at Tom, "that this was Mrs. Carwood's birthday!"

"And you told me," added Keene, fastening a reproachful eye on Amy Carwood,—"that this was Tom Carwood's birthday!"

"So it is! So it is!" repeated husband and wife in one breath, with corroborating glances at each other; and they beamed happy and conscience-clear on their guests. "It was the first thing that interested Tom in me," declared Amy. "The novelty of a woman born on his birthday overcame him. Except for that, I should have been an old maid to this day! And do you know!" she added, clapping her hands excitedly,—"when he asked me to name the wedding day, I set *this one* —just ten years ago!"

"W-e-l-l, b-y g-u-m!" drawled Blamfield; his one polite oath. But it was lost in the chorus of shouts that followed Amy's declaration.

SIR HUDSON LOWE

By FREDERICK MASSON

[From the Paris *Weekly Review*. Translated for WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE by T. J. Taylor, M.D.]

IN choosing men well fitted for the positions assigned them, the rulers of Great Britain are preeminent. It is from them that we have derived the terse adage: "The right man in the right place." There must then have been special reasons, which induced them, from among the many superior officers of the English Army at the time, to have selected Maj. Gen. Sir H. Lowe, to be Governor of St. Helena, whilst Napoleon was a captive there. In the biographies of this man, even in the apologies that some of his countrymen have offered in extenuation of his conduct, nothing is said of the motives which actuated the British ministry. In the meantime, this is the very point to be considered. If the ministry has chosen this man for the place, it is because he appeared to be "the right man"; and after a careful examination of his antecedent career, they found that career such as they wished. During nearly the whole time of his administration, his conduct received the commendation of the British ministry; so it is the ministry which is responsible for all that transpired at St. Helena; and with the ministry, the Prince regent who formed it, and the two Houses of Parliament who approved it by their votes, and not their agent, Sir Hudson Lowe. Let us review the parts of each in this drama, consider impartially the facts in the case, and if he deserves it, free the subaltern, and place the blame where it justly belongs. When the English government, understanding well the interest of Louis XVIII., had determined not to deliver up Napoleon to his government; and on the advice of Lord Castlereagh, Lord Liverpool had decided to spare the life of this disturber of the peace of Europe, a prison was necessary. It must be well fortified both by nature and art, and at some point so remote from Europe as to preclude all hope of escape. After many consultations, with the advice of all those who were familiar with the island, it was at length decided to imprison the Emperor at St. Helena. An arrangement was made at once with the East India Company, who were very willing to accommodate the Crown; and measures were quickly taken to send ships and troops. But for these troops, a chief of high rank was necessary; and as wrote Lord Bathurst to the Duke of Wellington, one disposed, "to accept a situation of some constraint, great responsibility and exclusion from society."

But there were advantages attending the place; the salary would be $60,000, with a fine house and servants, and such supplies as the East India Company furnished its governors, without the obligation to receive at his table the passengers and the officers of the ships of the company. But this preferment it seems was necessary to tempt some officer of high rank, belonging to the aristocracy of the United Kingdom, either rich or with riches in expectation, and occupying a social position, corresponding to his military rank. For as loyal as he might be, and as pronounced as his hatred for Bonaparte, he did not feel himself called upon to assume the functions of jailer-in-chief, and the governorship of a colony not pertaining to the Crown, where the climate was oppressive, and where it would be necessary to re-

nounce the luxuries of life. There was, according to Lord Bathurst, but one officer in the service, who might willingly accept the conditions, and who answered every requirement. Although having the rank of Major-General, this officer, it may be mentioned, was an auxiliary—or had always served with auxiliary troops—a soldier of fortune, without either family or riches, and undistinguished by any great warlike achievement, without talent or genius, but always distinguished for his strict discipline, an assiduous attention to duties, and who regarded his orders as his religion. In addition to this, as the jailer for Bonaparte, to understand his character, his wiles, his designs, to impose "restrictions" upon him, this officer possessed a special fitness, that no other officer in the English army could possess to the same degree, acquired by daily contact with Corsicans for nearly fourteen years.

Without recommendation or intrigue for this command, for he was away in the south of France, and did not know his own destination when he received orders to repair to England, Sir Hudson Lowe was named Governor of St. Helena by the spontaneous choice of the English ministry, of which Lord Liverpool was chief, and Lords Harrowby, Westmoreland, Melville, Mulgrave, Sidmouth, Castlereagh, Bathurst and Sir Vasittart were members.

Now, what has been the life of this governor up to 1815, to whom the fate of Napoleon, so to speak, is to be absolutely committed? Hudson Lowe was the son of a surgeon of the 50th regiment, and was born whilst the regiment was in garrison at Galway, July 28th, 1769, so is older than Napoleon by eighteen days. Soon after his birth, the regiment was ordered to the East Indies, where this surgeon took his son; but at twelve years of age, young Hudson returned to England, and at eighteen was enrolled as an ensign in the militia of Devon; in 1787 he was transferred to his father's regiment, then in garrison at Gibraltar, where he remained four years. Whilst there his conduct was faultless, and his attention to his duties remarkable. From here, with his regiment, he came to Corsica, from which Gen. Paoli had just driven the French, and those of his countrymen who sided with them, and delivered the island up to the English. Hudson Lowe, then a lieutenant, in garrison at Ajaccio, became intimate with those Corsicans employed by the English, among others with Campi, formerly secretary of the Directory of Liamone in the year VI. From this Campi, when Gen. Bonaparte distinguished himself at Toulon, he had details of the life of this young man, whom the Corsicans, even the adherents of the English, admired, and were vain of the glory and good fortune of their countryman. Besides, Campi was a friend of the Bonapartes, and later, under untoward circumstances, he had the entire confidence of Madame Bonaparte and Lucien. Nor need we be surprised to find him in the service of the English. The number of Corsicans who sat in the Anglo-Corsican Parliament, who held office and received favors of the English government, were so numerous that when the French recaptured the island they did not execute the decree which excluded from office those persons who had served the English. Bitter quarrels arose on this subject, among the Corsicans themselves: mutually reproaching each other for serving England. A decision in this matter is very difficult: in the meantime, one is tempted to believe that nearly all those Corsicans, who did not take refuge either in France or Italy, were at length wearied out and conquered. Hudson Lowe, as it appears elsewhere, received from his friend Campi some account of the Bonapartes, as he mentions in his notes that Madame Bonaparte, with some of her children, re-

mained in Corsica during the English occupation. From this time Lieut. Lowe has not only remembered, but held intimate relations with Corsicans. After the evacuation of the island he was stationed at Porto-Furajo, at Lisbon, and at Minorca; and at this last place he was directed to recruit and organize a battalion of two hundred men, entirely Corsicans, which was called the "Corsican Rangers." It has been claimed that Corsican refugees were so numerous in the Balearic Isles, that recruiting this battalion was quite easy; and it may have been, that the proscription of Liamone forced many Catholics to fly from their victorious rivals. But in 1799 these refugees should have returned, for the Directory of Liamone had been overthrown, and many of its members delivered up to the authorities of Brignoles and replaced by members of the other party. Whatever may have been the opinions of these recruits, they were raised, either in the Balearic Isles or drawn from Corsica itself, and Hudson Lowe received the command of this battalion, with the rank of major, and with it took part in the expedition of Sir Ralph Abercrombie against the French in Egypt. He does not appear to have particularly distinguished himself, as these Corsicans were placed in reserve at the battle of the Nile.

At the peace of Amiens, this corps having been disbanded at Malta, Lowe was assigned to various secret missions, particularly in Portugal; then, in December, 1803, he was ordered to raise at Malta a new corps of Corsicans, which was called the Royal Corsican Rangers; their number never exceeded seven hundred men. Of this corps he had the command, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel (31st December, 1803). A second lieutenant-colonel and major, both English, were assigned this command; but of the ten captains, six, according to the Army List of September, 1810, were Corsicans; of the thirteen lieutenants, ten were Corsicans; of the nine ensigns, four at least, as well as the quartermaster, were Corsicans. This recruitment with Corsicans continued; as witness the officers of the corps from 1810 to 1812 (nine lieutenants and six ensigns Corsicans). Besides this, the Royal Corsican Rangers had furnished in 1806 the greater part of the officers to a battalion of five hundred men raised in Sicily, in English pay and uniforms. Hudson Lowe with these corps took part in the operations from Sicily against the French in the Kingdom of Naples. Indeed, one finds two or three hundred of these Corsican rangers in the expedition whose principal episode was the battle of Sant' Eufemia. The whole corps was employed to take Capri, of which Hudson Lowe received the command June 11, 1806, and which he surrendered, as is known, to General Lamarque, after twelve days' siege, the 16th of October, 1808. In this affair, according to appearances, Salicei, then chief of police at Naples, had a finger in the pie, and thanks to a certain Corsican that he employed, whom we find again with Hudson Lowe at St. Helena, the means of assault were easier for General Lamarque. With five hundred Corsicans of his regiment, who by the surrender of Capri had returned to Sicily, Lowe in June, 1809, was in the expedition against Ischia, and the following October against the Ionian Islands, where he remained as Governor of Cephalonia and Ithaca. After twenty-four years' service he was promoted on the 1st of January, 1812, to the rank of colonel, and was given a leave of absence, without losing his regiment, which, with sixteen hundred men, was still at Corfu in March, 1815, and of which he was still the nominal colonel, up to 1817, when it was disbanded. From the end of 1812, Hudson Lowe was variously employed. In January, 1813, he inspected the Russo-German Legion,

which the Emperor Alexander formed with the deserters from the regiments of the Confederation of the Rhine, and for which he asked English pay. Later, he had an analogous mission for the levies in the north of Germany; at length, in October of the same year, he was attached to the staff of Blucher, but only as a subaltern, all matters of importance being entrusted to Lord Stewart. He served on Blucher's staff during the entire campaign in France, and was sent by him to inform the Prince Regent of the capitulation of Paris. By good luck he reached London before any other messenger, was taken at once to the Prince, whom he found in bed; and for this martial achievement, he was immediately knighted and given the Order of the Bath; two months later the rank of major-general (14th June, 1814). In June, 1815, he was with Wellington as quartermaster-general; in which capacity he seems to have been only moderately successful; at all events, he was superseded, and sent to Genoa to command the troops destined to invade the south of France; who, without firing a shot, saw Marseilles and Toulon run up the white flag. Nothing took place in this campaign but the murder of the Mamelukes at Marseilles, and the assassination of Brune at Avignon. It was at Marseilles that Sir H. Lowe received the proposal to become the Governor of St. Helena and the jailer of Napoleon. For this mission there was conferred on him the nominal rank of lieutenant-general (9th November, 1815); but this nominal rank is constantly accorded to officers exercising an independent command without the kingdom, the real rank of lieutenant-general Hudson Lowe did not obtain until July 22, 1830.

Here, then, is a brief sketch of the military career of this officer: From 1799 to 1812 he was in command of two corps of Corsicans, of whom little is to be learned from Corsican sources; but who, as the Army List shows, and as Napoleon said, were not composed of deserters from any nation, but whose corps of officers were nearly all Corsicans, and they were recruited from Corsicans, just as the Corsican Legion in the service of Naples. In this way Hudson Lowe formed his opinion of Corsicans, and after thirteen years' service with them he learned to know them. The British ministry knew this, and had in view to utilize his experience of the character of Corsicans in making him the guard of Napoleon. If this was not the motive, then it may be believed that in assigning Hudson Lowe to this command the ministry's object was to humble the Emperor of the French—considering him in revolt against his legitimate sovereign, Louis XVIII. Besides, what other reason, unless among the noble officers of the three kingdoms they could find none of high rank willing to accept the position? So they have taken this major-general, whose life has been spent in the command of foreign mercenaries, who owes his advancement to this fact alone, and the chance of his presence with Blucher. Of this man Wellington said one day to Lord Stanhope: "He was lacking both in education and judgment"; and another day: "He was stupid—not naturally mean, but ignorant of all polite form, and, as such persons are apt to be, suspicious and jealous." That tells the whole story; an officer of low birth, without fortune, family, or distinction; one who had always commanded auxiliaries, who had never mingled in society, or come in daily contact with comrades of the same rank, ordering those mercenary Corsicans about in his rude way, their officers inspiring neither consideration nor esteem. He is strict, implacable as to orders, knowing the regulations by heart; he is puffed up by his recent promotion, which is beyond his dreams, by a title which gives social distinction, by his

marriage (December 31, 1815) with the sister of Sir Wm. de Lancey, one of the heroes of Waterloo, a widow (with two daughters) of Lieut.-Col. Wm. Johnson, which opened to him an aristocratic paradise. His enormous salary enhances other comforts and conveniences that the East India Company bestows upon its employees, and which will assure to Lady Lowe and her daughters a luxurious existence; without which, his forty-six years had hardly tempted a woman, infinitely desirable, with a fine social position, and whom all agree was charming.

Before all else, this colonel of Corsican rangers—and far be it from us to reproach him for it—was a loyal Englishman; content, it is true, to command foreigners, but is satisfied of the pre-eminence of England over all other nations, and of the individual Englishman over the individuals of every other nationality. He is a worshipper of that proud nobility in which he has made the first step; but high above him hover as demigods the titled ones; he does not envy them, he is not jealous of them, he parades and glorifies them; by an admirable sentiment, which we find in every Englishman, he is elevated by their elevation, and is proud that such beings dwell in his country, to whom he is related by his nationality, by his rank, and, above all, by his knighthood. Now for this Englishman, so thoroughly English, what is Napoleon? A Corsican adventurer, in revolt against his king; his success has been marvelous—nevertheless, he is still a rebel. To the eyes of every loyal Briton, all that has taken place in France since the Revolution is a horrid nightmare. The English—save only a few Whigs—have the souls d'emigres. When Lord Bentick, commanding the English army in Sicily, negotiated in the name of England with Murat, King of Naples and a French prince, he haggled about giving him the title of marshal—and treated him like a dog. Even to do this, he had to control his national pride. For Sir Hudson Lowe, for many English, formerly all of them, to give Bonaparte the title of general, they thought was very magnanimous. Has he not received it of the Convention? of the Directory? of the Republic? Yes—but they were all in rebellion. Legally—at the peace of Amiens, when, with his sword at their throats, they called him general—what was he? A captain. For this he had the royal commission. It is true, since '92 he has advanced, but this advancement, conferred by rebels, does not count. So the Count of Provence, succeeding his nephew, who, theoretically, has reigned in prison, takes the title of Louis XVIII., and dates his first royal act in the nineteenth year of his reign. But this is an illogical restoration, he has not cancelled history, nor abolished it, in destroying all the monuments and effacing all traces of the twenty-three years which have elapsed since the triumph of the people. Only one sovereign has been logical, the King of Sardinia. At his return all has been put back as it was at his departure—the colonels are again pages, the generals, lieutenants; here we have a true restoration. If Louis XVIII. had recognized Bonaparte as captain, before having him shot as a rebel, this would have pleased Lowe, but general—Bonaparte, who ranks him—the colonel of the Royal Corsican Rangers; nevertheless, the ministry have ordered it—it is ordered, and he will obey. But he knows the distance between himself and this rebel. This man has double eyelids, and nothing can open them. Such as he is, he will be to the end of time. This is the man—the orderly sergeant, of whom England has made a sort of lieutenant-general, to install him as the jailer of the Emperor. He may have been, as his apologists say he was, in private life an excellent

man. He had certain virtues in a high degree—such as would constitute an admirable subaltern. He was always alert and attentive, faithful to duty—he lived but for that, and dreamed of nothing else. Orders! He is not responsible for them, but he has sworn to execute them, and he does. If, once or twice, he has suspended those orders, it was when his conscience, as gentleman, triumphed over the brutality of the soldier. But except on those occasions he bore himself haughtily, stiffly, with no suavity, refusing absolutely to recognize the rank of his prisoner—so that the iron might enter his soul. In this matter Hudson Lowe is only an agent, the act is Lowe's but the English ministry is behind Lowe. It knew Lowe when it chose him for the position; it knew he could be depended upon to carry out orders—it mattered not how harsh they might be.

Not one time during his administration has the ministry reproached him for exceeding his instructions; on the contrary, it has blamed him for not following them more exactly—he has not been harsh enough, he has been too polite to his prisoner. Thus wrote and spoke the English ministry to Hudson Lowe, so long as it had need of him; afterwards, it disputed his salary, refused him a pension, granted him no honorarium for his services, made him wait fifteen years before confirming his rank as lieutenant-general, and denied him every favor but the cross of St. Michael and St. George. Shrinking afterwards before an indignant public, it has made a scapegoat of this man, for all the villainies that it had ordered. And after having rendered him forever odious, even in his own nation, forbade him to justify himself by publishing the instructions he had received, to prove that every time he attempted to be lenient, as few as those times were, he had been severely reprimanded. The ministry decided upon and sent out the orders which blackened the name of Lowe—Lowe is only the instrument of their execution. Yet he is abandoned and left to die, almost in abject penury. What does this prove? That the English government, better than by a public confession, has recognized the brutality of its conduct, that it is ashamed of it, and seeks to throw the odium of its acts upon this miserable understrapper.

If Hudson Lowe had been anything to anybody, either a caste or family, if he had been a real noble, that nobility or family, feeling its solidarity assailed, would have defended him, aye, exalted his conduct, as that of a faithful officer. But in spite of his accidental knighthood, in spite of his fortunate marriage, Lowe is nothing, belonging in truth neither to the nobility nor the army. A parvenu whom nobody fears, one whom the ministry, knowing well his disciplined spirit, can insult with impunity. But is this brave?

Governments really strong, those which have the understanding and the spirit of authority, protect their agents, and when they order them to do a thing, even though the act be illegal—criminal, and has been done awkwardly and unseasonably—they accept the entire responsibility to the very uttermost. So did Napoleon. If any reason of state controlled the conduct of the English ministry towards the Emperor, that reason applied equally to their agent—Hudson Lowe. It had imprisoned the Emperor as a menace to the peace of Europe; it made Lowe his jailer, then it suppressed Lowe as a nuisance. Such are the manners of Venice. When an agent by faithfully executing his orders renders himself unpopular, and his unpopularity threatens those who employed him, they sacrifice the agent. Just as a ship in a storm throws ballast overboard to save itself, so this man Hudson Lowe is made to appear as the arch-demon of Napoleon at St. Helena,

and on his defenceless head all the vials of wrath are poured out. But this is absolutely contrary to the truth; Hudson Lowe stands in the light, whilst the craven hand which wrote the orders is hidden in darkness. Let that hand appear as it should, then the struggle is worth relating; not the miserable contest between the Emperor of the French and that poor devil—this colonel of Corsican rangers; but the heroic struggle which elevated and ennobles still him that maintained it—a contest which endured for twenty-five years, and found at St. Helena its last episode, where Napoleon, the only champion of France and the Revolution, alone, poor, dying, defied all the crowned heads of Europe, of whom the British ministry had made itself the executioner.

The Potter

Ralph M. Thompson

I made me what I am—
'Twas I who shaped the whole;
If I have fashioned but a sham,
Blame not another soul.

God only gave me life—
He willed that I should mold;
And if I've failed to conquer strife,
In me the fault behold.

Say not what might have been—
Nor mourn my sad estate;
'Twas mine to triumph over sin,
And to design my fate.

If with my lump of earth
The all I did not do,
Charge not the reason to my birth,—
I toiled as best I knew!

And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—Micah 6:8.

An Incident in the Life of Epenetus Alexis Steed

Recalled by
THOS. E. WATSON

AN INCIDENT OF 1880

SIR WALTER SCOTT used to say that he had never met any man from whom he could not learn something. No matter how ignorant the humblest citizen may appear to be, the chances are that he knows a few things which you do not know; and if you will "draw him out" you will add to your knowledge.

EPENETUS ALEXIS STEED

The Virginia negro who happened to pass along the road while the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States was puzzling his brains over the problem of mending his broken sulky shaft, knew exactly the one thing which John Marshall did not know.

The great lawyer was at his wit's end, helpless and wretched. How could he mend that broken shaft and continue his journey? He did not know, and he turned to the negro for instruction.

With an air of superiority which was not offensive at that particular moment, the negro drew his pocket-knife, stepped into the bushes, cut a sapling, whittled a brace and spliced the broken shaft.

When the Chief Justice expressed his wonder, admiration and pleasure, the negro calmly accepted the tribute to his talent and walked off, remarking:

"*Some* folks has got sense, and some ain't got none."

* * * *

That anecdote is a hundred years old, but it's a right good little story. A school-teacher, whom I loved very dearly, told it to me when I was a kid. He was the only man I ever knew who had it in him to be a great man, and who refused to strive for great things because, as he said, "*It isn't worth the trouble.*"

He was naturally as great an orator as Blaine or Ben Hill. He was far and away a loftier type than Bryan, for he had those three essentials which Bryan lacks—humor, pathos and self-

forgetful intensity of feeling. But after one of his magnificent displays of oratory he would sink back into jolly indolence, and pursue the even tenor of his way, teaching school. "It is not worth while. Let the other fellows toil and struggle for fame and for office. I don't care. They are not worth the price."

Few knew what was in this obscure teacher, but those few knew him to be a giant.

Once, at our College Commencement,* the speaker who had been invited to make the regular address was the crack orator of the State. He was considered a marvel of eloquence. Well, he came and he delivered his message: and it was all very chaste and elegant and superb. Indeed, a fine speech.

He sat down amid loud applause. Everybody satisfied. Then the obscure genius to whom I have referred rose to talk. By some chance, the Faculty had given him a place on the program.

I looked at my old school-teacher as he waddled quietly to the front. I saw that his face was pale and his eyes blazing with fire. I felt that the presence and the speech of the celebrated orator had aroused the indolent giant. I *knew* he would carry that crowd by storm—would rise, rise into the very azure of eloquence and hover above us like an eagle in the air.

And he did.

Men and women, boys and girls, laughed and cheered and cried, and hung breathless on his every word, as no crowd ever does unless a born orator gets hold of it. Actually I got to feeling sorry for the celebrity who had made the set speech. He sat there looking like a cheap piece of neglected toy-work of last Christmas.

The faces of the leading people, after my old teacher had sat down, were a study. The expression seemed to say, "Who would have thought it was in him!"

I don't think he ever made another speech.

The brilliant eyes will blaze no more. The merry smile faded long ago. The great head, that was fit to bear a crown, lies low, for all the years to come.

He left no lasting memorial of his genius. Only, as through a glass darkly, you may see him, in a book called "Bethany", written by one in whom he, the unambitious, kindled the spark of an ambition that will never die.

* Mercer University, 1880.

My Dear Mr. Watson:

The members of the Steed family appreciate deeply your letter to me, of recent date, touching upon your association with Professor Steed, and asking for a photograph of him to accompany a magazine article you wish to write in memory of him.

I am enclosing the only picture we have of him in middle life, a copy of an old ambrotype, and we trust it will prove what you may wish.

Assuring you again of our appreciation of your kindness and consideration, I am,

With best New Year wishes,

Eugenia Small Steed.

Macon, Georgia.

¶ EPENETUS ALEXIS STEED: June 6, 1829—November 9, 1885. Minister and Teacher: Graduate (Second Honor) of Mercer University, 1851: Chair of Ancient Languages, Mississippi College at Clinton: Pastor of Thomson Baptist Church, Sweetwater, Greenwood and Pine Grove: Chair of Latin, Mercer University, 1872-1885.

Foreign Missions as Taught by Precept and Example in the Bible

By MRS. C. E. KERR

WE have been much interested in the articles in this Magazine bearing on Foreign Missions. The editor does not oppose but advocates Foreign Missions as taught in the Bible and practised by the apostles and for nearly two thousand years afterward. But is opposed to the subsidizing methods used to attract and hold converts as practised by nearly if not all present-day missions. In this position we agree with Mr. Watson exactly.

Feeling sure that this Magazine reaches many who would be glad to co-operate with a sound Baptist mission carried on exactly on the lines advocated by the above-named articles, we are asking Mr. Watson to give this information to any who may be seeking earnestly after truth along mission lines.

Sixteen years ago several missionaries then working under the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, seeing the evil effects of these subsidizing methods of furnishing free schools, hospitals, etc. (spoken of by Dr. Yates as the "dry rot" of modern missions), after repeated ineffectual efforts to get the Southern Baptist Convention to give up these methods, withdrew from the Board's service, and moved four hundred miles interior and began a work that has been going on continuously ever since, except the few months when the Boxer movement stopped all interior work.

The native Christians are taught to build their own churches, educate their own children and care for their sick, and in a word trained to become manly, self-supporting, self-propagating churches.

None of these missionaries have yet had to suffer "hunger" as did Paul, though they have no human agency back of them, but receive their support as God sends it directly through churches and individuals in the home land. The work at home has been hotly opposed by those who favor the raising of large sums on the plea of "giving the gospel to those who have it not" and expend it largely in civilizing and subsidizing the heathen, and in paying high salaries to officials in this country.

The denominational papers were closed against the missionaries of this mission, and every effort made to cut off their support, but God has "supplied all their needs" so far, and they are quietly working along Bible lines, and souls are being born into the kingdom under their ministry, which gives only the gospel of salvation by grace, and "teaching them to observe all things" which Jesus commanded.

During all these years of struggle for right and truth many have been reached and interested in the work through a monthly paper, *Our Missionary Helper*, published at Decatur, Georgia, which each month gives a Missionary Directory of all the missionaries, and the news of the progress of the work in the home and foreign fields. All who wish to inform themselves on the work and conduct of same are invited to send for sample copies, or better, send fifty cents for a year's subscription to Mrs. C. E. Kerr, Decatur, Ga.

THE DARK CORNER

By ZACH McGHEE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—The Dark Corner is the story of the romance of James Thompson, usually known as "Jim", and beautiful Aileen Hall, both teachers in Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute. The story opens at the Thompson country home, when Jim is ten years old, and pretty little Amy Cannon, who has been living with Jim's family, is taken away by her father. He grieves for his little playmate, and always remembers her brown curly hair, big blue eyes and the scar on her forehead his mother said would never heal. Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President of the H. C. M. I., starts, prior to the opening of the school, on one of his frequent trips to the section of his country known as the Dark Corner. He spends the night at "Ole Man Bill Jordan's" and persuades the old man to send his grand-daughter Amanda to Hollisville Institute. When the news spreads that "Mandy" is going off to school, only one person in the community views the enterprise with downright displeasure. This is Tom Moore, a good-natured, red-headed youth about eighteen, who in his fancy has already settled "Mandy's" future. Nevertheless on the appointed day Mr. Jordan hitches up the old gray mule to the "waggin" and they are off to Hollisville, Amanda is welcomed by the teachers and soon falls into the routine of the school. At one of the oft-recurring entertainments at the H. C. M. I. Amanda is to recite a poem, dressed in the coarse clothes she wore on her arrival; then three weeks later she is to wear the school uniform and recite the same poem, to show the vast improvement she has made. Jim announces the numbers on the program, and looking at the timid, frightened girl, suddenly something comes to him—the faintest, dimmest light from the long-ago—a resemblance to the playmate of his childhood, Amy Cannon. Her big, appealing blue eyes, which always remind him strangely, too, of Aileen, seem to beg him to save her the humiliation they are about to heap upon her. He determines to do it, and sends her to her room to copy a program. As she passes out he remembers to look for the scar; he does not see it. This successful effort to thwart his purpose arouses the indignation of Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, and to punish Amanda and teach Professor Thompson who is running that school, he orders the girl to make one hundred copies of the program she had copied once for Jim.

Chapter XII.

AMANDA, reaching her room, lay down on her bed, her face buried in her pillow. She heard a light footstep in her room, and presently a soft, gentle hand was laid upon her head.

"Amanda, dear, don't cry. I know it is hard, but every girl has a hard time at first."

Amanda turned her face around and stared up at Aileen, who had taken a seat upon the edge of the bed, with her own eyes moist and red with recent tears.

"Whose er cryin'?" she said. "Whut is I got ter cry 'bout? Ain't nothin' hurt me."

Some girls would have found relief in weeping. But if Amanda knew not tears, she knew not the pangs which wring the heart of them. She knew pain; then she moaned or cried aloud; she did not weep; there was no seared wound of the heart which she could bathe in this soft and soothing balm of tears. She is to be pitied that she knew not the higher suffering of pang. Pain has its seat in the brain; material nerves carry thither sensations which cause screams, groans, writhing. Pang is enthroned in the mysterious chambers of the soul. Its channels of communication are invisible, intangible. The place of its abode is not known, but its strongest protest, as its sweetest balm, is in tears. Amanda had never felt a pang. Pity her!

But Aileen did not understand. She sat puzzled, her hand resting on the girl's head. She thought she must be suffering too deeply for tears. She would yet soothe her.

"See, I have brought you your new dress. I want you to try it on."

Amanda looked at the garment, without change of expression, apparently without interest.

"I don't keer nothin' 'bout no dress. Whut I got ter write them programs for?"

"Why," said Aileen, as gently as she could, for her voice was slightly agitated, and her color came and went, "It was not right for you to leave the hall last night without asking the Professor, and he has given you this extra duty. It will not be so hard, though, as you think."

"I done jes whut Perfessor Thompson told me ter do; an' he wouldn't er told me ter do anything whut wuzn't right."

She paused, still watching Aileen's face, which changed color several times. Amanda noticed it, but did not know what it meant, did not know that it meant anything. Aileen said nothing, but looked out of the window.

"Now, would he?" Amanda said presently.

Aileen flushed now a deep red, and her fingers trembled as she rapidly stroked Amanda's hair, and sought to change the subject.

"Amanda, you have such soft, silken hair. It would be very pretty if you would fix it differently. See, like mine."

The girl slowly turned her eyes up to the rich crown of golden hair which encircled Aileen's brow like a halo, and looked at it with the appearance of more thought than she had given anything else.

"I ain't had nobody to show me nothin'."

She lowered her eyes, surveying Aileen's whole form. Presently, she added thoughtfully, "'cept onct when I wuz er leetle teenchy bit uv er gal."

"You ought to say 'girl,' Amanda, not 'gal.'"

"Wal, *girl*, then. Hit don't make no diffunce as I kin see."

Amanda had already begun to notice that while some of the boys and girls about her talked as she did, most of them did not, and

none of the teachers did. She had even been trying to adapt her speech to theirs, and to some slight extent had succeeded. But this morning, however slightly she seemed to feel anything, she felt the brunt of injustice, and, to some small degree at least, the sense of loneliness and neglect; and she desperately relapsed into her worst. Aileen spoke tenderly and tried to be patient. She determined to make what amends she could if she had been wrong in her attitude toward this girl.

"And who was it that showed you how to fix your hair when you were a little girl?"

"I never said she showed me how ter fix my hair. I said she showed me ever'thing, an' I ain't had nobody sence."

"Who did you say she was?" asked Aileen.

"I never said who she wuz," answered the girl in persistent sullenness. "I don't know whut her name wuz, but she lived over in Wilson, an' I lived with her atter my Maw died till my Paw come en fotch me ter Grampaw's en thar he died soon atterwards. So I never went back. But I done fergit her name."

Aileen's memory did not go back to the time she herself had lived in Wilson. During the minute she sat silently looking at Amanda, though she was thinking of the curious coincidence—Amanda and herself, both orphans, taken away from their early homes, possibly near each other, and adopted by others. Yet what a difference in birth and rearing! Perhaps Amanda's own parents might have been servants or tenants of her father. Why not?

"How old were you when you left Wilson?"

"Five or six. I dunno which."

"And she was good to you?" asked Aileen.

"She was the best woman in the world. She cried an' cried when Paw tuk me erway and made Paw promise ter bring me back, but atter he died nobody knowed nothin' 'bout her."

"Nobody *knew anything* about her, Amanda," said Aileen with a slight impatience.

Amanda merely rolled her eyes again.

The apparently sullen manner served to repel Aileen's sympathy. She had tried to be tender and sympathetic, but Amanda did not seem to want her sympathy, or else she could not understand it, which appeared more likely to Aileen. "I knew it," she said to herself; "girls like this don't understand. You can't do anything for them. I feel for them, but they are just simply different. That's all there is to it. I suppose it is in the blood."

She arose to go, but her eyes fell upon the dress which lay on the bed; and, while she reasoned it all out that she had been justified in her previous conduct and that she had now done her duty, she felt a woman's natural inclination to give the poor girl one lesson in dressing herself.

"Let us now try on the dress, and I will help you fix your hair," she said.

Amanda slowly arose from the bed. She looked at the dress, then at Aileen. Next her eyes wandered over toward her books and writing materials on the table, when the sullen look came again into her face.

"Have I got to write them programs?" she asked.

"*Those* programs, you mean, Amanda," said Aileen, forcing a smile.

"Wal, have I got to write 'em!"

Amanda's stubbornness brought the color to Aileen's cheeks.

"Yes," she answered, "the Professor fixed that as your punishment. It won't take you so long, I hope. But if you do not finish it today, I am sure he will let you finish it any time you like next week."

Without any change of expression, Amanda went to the table, sat down, and picked up her pen.

"'Tain't right," she said, "but if I got to do it, lemme get at it. I got ter study next week. You kin jes leave the dress whar it is. I dunno whether I'm gwi wear hit anyhow."

Aileen flushed scarlet now; she was angry; but she quickly left the room without another word.

In the hall below she came face to face with Jim. She had cut him at breakfast that morning, and she had taken no notice of him when they met in the parlor later. Clearly he was offended, she thought, for now he was only bowing distantly in silence. She had no way of knowing that he had been looking for her for half an hour.

"Professor Thompson," she said trembling, then hesitated.

"Miss Aileen," he began, trying to look into her eyes. His voice trembled slightly, too. "I left perhaps too hastily and spoke too harshly. I want to beg your pardon for my part in what happened."

She made no reply. Nor did she look at him; she looked down at a handkerchief she held in her hand.

"I want to say, too," added Jim, "that had it not been for you I should not have left that poor girl in there alone with—a—— I felt sure then you would be her protector, a better one, perhaps, than I, who might have been too hotheaded."

Still she did not look at him, but her head shot up in the air and she spoke with some heat.

"What do you mean, sir? She did not need any protection. Nobody was going to do her any bodily harm; and, as for her feelings, if you but knew it, that class of people do not have delicate enough feelings to be affected as

you seem to think they are. Let me pass, please."

Jim calmly stepped aside, opened the door and bowed. She passed out, and was closing the door behind her, but Jim saw her hesitate, and he thought he detected in her face a sign of softening.

"Miss Aileen, this is not like you," he said pleadingly.

He then saw the hand on the door tremble, and he reached for it through the slowly narrowing opening, while she heard the whisper,

"Not like my own sweet Little Girl, whom with my whole heart I——"

But she was gone, and had not looked at him.

Going straight to her room, Aileen threw herself into the arms of Miss Anderson and poured out her pent-up feelings in copious tears.

Jim went to his room and reflected on the transmigration of the soul.

Chapter XIII.

It was quite by accident that one Sunday afternoon several weeks afterwards one of the girls remarked to Jim that Amanda had told her that when she was a small child she had lived in Wilson county with some people whose name, she believed, was Thompson. Jim, at once, with great excitement, sent the girl to ask Amanda to meet him in the parlor.

"How then is her name Jordan?" he asked himself as he went to the parlor. "Amy's name was Cannon. 'Amanda Cannon Jordan!' That was the name on the program. Who put it there that way? Did she tell anybody what her real name was?"

While waiting for her, he paced excitedly up and down the floor. Memories crowded upon him, faint memories of real things and persons in his early youth, but memories more vivid of his dreams and the fancies of his years. She, Amy, somebody, the little girl grown up with him in his inner life—a creation of his fancy, it is true, though once she was real; and somewhere, he felt, somewhere beyond the shadows, she must be still, the bright little blue-eyed girl grown into a woman as he had grown into a man. "It is all foolishness, of course," he thought. "Even Old Simon said she was nothing but poor white"—— But as a few days before he had stopped Simon from saying the word, he stopped himself from thinking it. He smiled in spite of his serious reflections as he recalled that he once fought Simon for saying it.

He was looking into the dying embers in the fireplace as the door opened. He turned, and there she stood, just inside the shadow of the large chimney. She did not speak; she just stood there. The blinds were closed so he could see her figure but dimly.

"It is not she," he said to himself. She was dressed in a stylish, well-fitting dress of navy blue, setting off a trim and graceful figure. For a moment a very slight and flickering blaze, just then kindled on the hearth, reflected on her hair a golden glow.

"It is Aileen!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Ah, if in truth she were to turn out the little girl I have carried in my heart so long!"

Suddenly a gust of wind on the outside blew one of the blinds open, and he saw her face plainly. It was not Aileen, but Amanda, yet what a change! What did it mean?

Several of the girls, partly in a spirit of fun, had prevailed upon her to put on her new dress. Pleased with the effect, they pleaded with her to allow them to dress her hair. They had just finished when the message came from Jim to come into the parlor, and they had insisted on her going just as she was, awkward though she felt. As she started, one of the girls stuck a red rose in her hair.

Jim was thrown into a spell of amazement from which it took him several instants to recover. Amanda stood there staring at him. "Has she been acting?" he asked himself, half believing he was in a dream and this the creature of his own fancy which he had prayed so long to behold. But, at length, recovering himself, he advanced close to her, when, high on her temple, where, before, her hair had been drawn down over it, he saw the little red scar made by the poker. In great agitation, he grabbed at her hand.

"Amy," he exclaimed, "don't you know me?"

She only stared at him blankly.

"I am Jim Thompson, the boy you used to play with when you were a little girl over in Wilson at Mrs. Thompson's."

Still she stared, her form, her face, her mind motionless, emotionless. But he thought not of this; he was in the land of dreams.

"Don't you remember me, Amy?—You know, that is what we called you—I am Jim Thompson."

At length her lips began to move, her eyes staring, her face still blank.

"Wal! I thought I never wuz gwi see you no mo' "——

And he awoke from his dream. For the first time he noticed that the hand he held in his was coarse and rough.

There she stood before him, after all these years, the little girl of his earliest life, whom he had carried in his heart, who had grown up in his fancy from day to day and from year to year. A beautiful little girl he remembered her, and so gentle, so refined and graceful. There she stood, a dream no longer, a little girl no longer; though in her nicely fitting

dress, her rich, brown, silken hair, her big lustrous blue eyes, in all her outward appearance the fulfillment of his dream; but—— "Wal, I thought I never wuz gwi see you no mo'."

That was not *she*.

Chapter XIV.

"Mus' sholy be sumpin' de matter wid Mister Jim. He ain't kyah on no mo' foolishness when I go in de room. But he jes set dar wid he finger on he nose en look in de fire."

Autumn began to deepen toward winter. During the Indian Summer days of early December, the outdoors was most inviting, with the golden sun throwing its glorious light upon the gray fields, illuminating the woods' coats of many colors and entering the heart of man, warming it, feeding it with the rich ripe air, making it beat steady and strong; while the sky, soft, clear, radiantly blue, seemed to say, "I love you."

Jim took long walks through the woods alone, meditating. Simon had noticed this, too; but neither he nor Jim knew that every afternoon, as he started out, a pair of blue eyes looked sadly at him through an upper story window.

Often at night when Simon came in to replenish Jim's fire, he would tarry, on one pretext or another. Usually few words passed between the two. One night Jim turned to him rather suddenly and told him of the discovery he had made with respect to Amanda. He was much surprised to find Simon not surprised at all.

"You say she is?" Simon remarked calmly. "Wal, I 'lowed when I first seed her dat I is seed her somers befo'."

It is sympathy and affection such as Simon felt, standing by the fire, watching his friend, which divines troubles of the heart; and after a long period of silence, Jim still looking into the fire, Simon asked,

"Is she like whut you speckted, Mister Jim?"

Jim turned suddenly to the negro and scanned his features closely. He saw nothing but a calm and sympathetic face.

"Why, no, Simon. But why do you ask me such a question as that?"

Simon waited a full minute before answering.

"Nuffin', suh. I jis ax yer."

"Yes, but what did you jis ax me for?"

"Nuffin' suh," said Simon, and he turned around and adjusted a stick of wood on the fire.

"Is she like what *you* expected, Simon?"

"I ain't speckted ter see her no mo', suh."

"But, if you had speckted to see her no mo', how do you think she would have looked?"

Simon did not answer at first. He was anxious to give Mr. Jim his opinion on this subject, but he feared the consequences. Finally he spoke, but in an apologetic tone.

"She jis 'bout whut I speckted she would be, Mister Jim."

Jim looked into the fire again thoughtfully.

"Simon," he said after a while, "suppose she had stayed at our house and been brought up there, do you think she would have been different; say, like I am, or my sister, Miss Annie, or—or—Miss Aileen?"

"Naws'r," said Simon.

"But why not, Simon?"

"Wal, hit's in de blood, Mister Jim. Spos'n now jis fer'n instance, dat I'd stayed dar en ben brought up mongst yer, does yer s'pose dat I'd ben like you is, er gemmun 'stead uv er nigger?"

Jim smiled, but did not answer. He made a slight motion in his chair, and Simon started slowly out. As he got to the door, Jim still looking into the fire, said,

"Good-night, Simon, old fellow, I'm afraid you are too profound a philosopher for me."

"I specks dat'll git 'im," mumbled Simon to himself after he had closed the door. "Botherin' he head 'bout dat po' white gal. Hit's in de blood, jis lak nigger's in de blood."

Chapter XV.

Neither the sudden realization of a large inheritance nor the unexpected recovery of a loved one given up for dead could have brought the look of boundless joy to old Simon's face which Jim's request the next day to take a note to Miss Aileen brought. In addition to the satisfaction in the quick effect of his illuminating exposition of the doctrine that "Hit's in de blood," Simon was rejoiced that the proudest of all his functions was restored, which was to act as confidential and mysterious messenger between Mr. Jim and Miss 'Leen. This function had been suspended for many weeks, another cause for Simon's sad and sympathetic reflections. But the look of joy on his face was momentary, being soon succeeded by one of profoundest mystery. He wrapped the note carefully in two separate pieces of paper, and tucked it under his vest. In case any sudden property of transparency might be given to the vest and the coat surrounding it, he put on his overcoat, although it was too warm a day in Hollisville for such a garment, and buttoned it up from top to bottom. And for further safety of his precious charge and for deeper secrecy, he kept his hand on the outside, pressing tight against the little wad. Thus did Simon outdo the Sphinx itself; for not only was there mystery about him, but the mystery was apparent.

Aileen, on her way to the schoolhouse in company with Tilson and Miss Anderson, perceived it, as Simon emerged from the house across the street, and she excused herself to go back to

her room, saying she would follow them later. Simon reached her door but a moment after she did, and, after looking this way and that, and turning his back toward the hall door so that no one chancing to enter there could possibly see what he was doing, he unbuttoned his overcoat, then his other coat, and carefully pulled out the note from underneath his vest.

"You better onwrapt hit when you git inside," he whispered.

Aileen smiled and trembled, and did as Simon suggested. She stepped into her room, closed the door, unwrapt the note, pressed it to her lips, then opened it and read:

"My Little Girl, I love you. Tomorrow I shall be leaving here for good. Shall I be leaving you, too, for good—or, rather, for ill? That's what it would be, for me, the rest of my life.

"Tonight, I shall be in the hall; not on the stage, but down in the audience with the pupils, and with my whole heart full of love for the loveliest one on the stage and the loveliest one in all the world. She will wear tonight a pink rose, which I shall send her—if she loves me—on the side next her heart; if not, then on the other side, and I shall ask her no more forever."—There was a footnote to this, reading "not tonight, anyway."

"And listen again, Little Girl—for I love you—the promise you made to Mr. Tilson not to see me any more during the school session will not be in force after the entertainment tonight, for then vacation begins. I shall be—unless I see the pink rose on the *other* side—in my class-room ready to walk home with you. I shall wait until Simon has extinguished the last light. If you are not with me by then, I shall leave. Tomorrow I go, forever.—J. C. T."

Aileen looked into the glass. Why, must be conjectured; she had a mysterious air, too; but she smiled. Then she kissed the note again and put it into her bosom next her fluttering heart.

The Christmas entertainment was like the others. It consisted of songs, drills, tableaux, recitations, including one by Professor Tilson's own declamation class. This class tonight performed Hamlet's Soliloquy. The great Tilson himself sat on the front of the stage and presided over the functions, festivities, and performances, and hid some of them from view. The people could see him, and that more than repaid them for what they could not see. Jim took his seat among the pupils in front of the stage, to one side, in as inconspicuous a place as he could find. He had refused to have anything to do with the "entertain*ment*," and his relations with Tilson had become so strained that he had resigned his position. It was a long time before he saw Aileen at all; and, when at last she did appear in the doorway to direct some portion of a drill, he looked eagerly for his pink rose. It was not there. His heart sank within him, and he half arose once to leave, but some of the pupils were looking at him and he knew they would wonder why. He sat down again with a sigh. Once later Aileen passed very near him on the stage, and he thought she saw him, but she gave no sign of recognition. She was to sing a solo, the next to the last number on the program. The hope still lingered with him, faint though it was, that, after all, she might wear the rose then; but something in her manner, something in the air, in his heart, foreboded the worst. Where would she wear it? The "entertain*ment*" seemed to him the longest, most boresome and most senseless exhibition he had ever witnessed.

At length the moment came. Jim's heart almost stopped beating when, just as her song was announced, he saw her through the open door, across the stage. She stood amidst a group of admiring girls, adjusting the pink rose on her bosom. When she came out, the audience did not wait for old man Zeke Woodward's peg leg to fall off the box as a signal; the applause was as spontaneous as it was hearty. She wore a dress of fluffy white. Her rich golden hair, her bright blue eyes, the delicate pink of her fair skin, the lips a rosier red than ever, made a vision of loveliness to inspire applause; and as she sang in a voice divinely sweet, "Let but your eyes, Love, bid my tongue to say What's in my heart, What's in my heart," Jim's own heart beat wildly, madly.

The pink rose?—It lay just as near the center of her heaving bosom as it was possible to pin it.

It was a clear moonlight night. You have heard that in the South the moon shone more beautiful before the War. This night was an exception. Never was such a moon. The air was crisp, not cold. It was not "the bleak December," for December in Hollisville is not bleak.

Jim stood at the side door of his class-room. Slowly the hall was emptied of the throng of people. His heart beat faster and faster as the lights slowly went out one by one.

"Has Tilson suspected something and stayed with her?" But no, he saw Tilson go off with Captain and Mrs. King; and Miss Anderson had passed with Mrs. Alston and "Professor Walter."

Where, then, could she be?

Simon came in to lock the door.

"Where is Miss Aileen, Simon?"

"She done gone, suh. Ain't you see her? She went off wid Miss Anderson en Perfesser Walter."

Jim slowly started home alone. Simon stood in the doorway sadly shaking his head and muttering something about the "cu'us ways o'

women." The schoolhouse was now dark and deserted. As Jim neared the corner of the house where he was to turn to go toward the street, he saw the shadow of a woman. His heart stopped beating. One more step and he stopped suddenly. She turned, and the moonlight beamed full upon her. The pink rose was pinned over her heart.

* * * * * *

It was picked up off the ground a few minutes later, crushed and bruised dreadfully.

"Little Girl," he said, "tell me in the way you were to tell me when you should know."

Simon came around the corner looking steadily in the opposite direction at the moon and at the bright stars shining out of the clear blue sky.

"Simon, you black rascal, you!" said Jim, "what are you doing here?"

"Jes lookin' ter see ef hit gwi snow, suh," answered Simon solemnly, as he walked on very rapidly. Jim and Aileen, following behind, heard a chuckle all the way home, which, when they got there, Simon seemed somehow to have imparted to the big crackling blaze they found on the hearth in the parlor.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sursum Corda!

J. T. Hudson

[DEAR MR. WATSON:—The enclosed crude lines were suggested and inspired by your editorial "Toward the Light" and George McCord's "Rise, and Come Again". If you can use them, you are at liberty to do so, either in your Weekly or Magazine. The measure may be a little faulty.
Amity, Ga., January 5, 1910. Your friend, J. T. HUDSON.]

I.

Lift up your heart! Above the mist
There tower the azure heights, sun-kissed
Where Light and Right are holding tryst;
Climb on and scorn the plain!
Climb up and on! Let no regret—
No ceaseless striving to forget
The pitfalls that your feet beset—
But "RISE, and COME AGAIN"!

II.

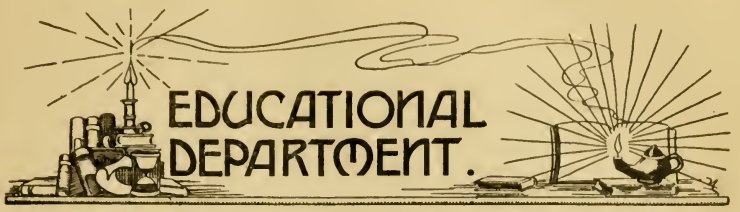
Lift up your heart! Aye, tho' you fall
Let not it daunt you nor appall—
Let not Despair your heart enthrall
On! ON! The heights attain!
Lift up your heart—above the jeers
Of scornful lips and scoffing sneers
And be a MAN among your peers
Yes, "RISE, and COME AGAIN"!

III.

Lift up your heart! Sound no retreat!
Accept no truce! Know no defeat!
Thy challenge to the foe repeat!
All compromise disdain!
Although the serried ranks of wrong
Should wage the battle fierce and long,
Stand for the Right! Be strong—be strong
And "RISE, and COME AGAIN"!

IV.

Lift up your heart! Let brawn and brain
Fresh courage take! The good attain!
Scale, scale the heights! and scorn the plain,
And lift aloft thine eyes
To those proud crags above the mist,
Where soar the beetling peaks, sun-kissed—
Where Light and Right are holding tryst—
And to those heights arise!



BOLTON HALL ANSWERS FOR SOCIALISTS.

My Dear Sir:—The Cleveland *Times* once published a long obituary of me, and subsequently refused to admit that I was not dead.

In a similar way you publish in your last number my explanation that I am not a Socialist, and on your cover repeat your impertinent "dare" to me as a Socialist.

I am accustomed to get five cents a word for my writings; several of those whom you "challenge" get as much or more. Perhaps that is why some, at least, have not answered. I think, however, I can speak for them all. You can send them copies and ask if they dissent. Here is my declaration of the meaning of "Socialism:"

(1) The Marital Relation: Socialists, *as such*, are content that people should attend to their own marital relations; of course, various Socialists have various views, just as they have as to whether a living can now be made upon a Little Land; and some would like to force their views upon others. But that is no part of Socialism.

(2) Private Ownership of Land: All Socialists believe that the land and all means of production and distribution should belong to the people (as I do not). They mean by "private ownership of land" the ownership of land by private individuals.

(3) Racial and Social Equality: All Socialists believe that all men, white, yellow and black, are born free and with equal rights to natural opportunities.

(4) Religion: All Socialists believe that religion is the business of the individual and not of the State.

(5) The Home as We Know It: All Socialists believe that the home "as we know it" is much less like our heavenly home, as it ought to be, than like the other place.

Yours truly, Bolton Hall.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

(1) Forgive us, Bro. Hall: your name was ordered out, but, through some inadvertence, it remained in the "challenge." Glad you had the courage to reply. However, as you are not a Socialist, your evidence isn't worth five cents a word. In fact, it isn't worth a red-apple durn. Your ingenious admission that you are not one of the howling dervishes entitles you to your discharge, with the thanks of the court for your unnecessary and somewhat impudent attendance.

(2) What did you attend that Herron "wedding" for? And what is the meaning of your volcanic speech on that left-handed occasion? If your speech did not express your approval of a married man's "taking up" with another woman, and living with her, on the sly, until he gets caught—when he is then to cast off his poor, heart-broken wife and go to openly living with the other woman—what does it mean?

(3) For the sake of the argument, I am willing to admit that you are not dead. Whether or not you ought to be, is a question which I am at this moment too busy to discuss. The Cleveland *Times*, which published the statement that you had left us, was probably actuated by a desire to circulate cheerful news.

(4) Please furnish the names of those who pay you five cents a word for the stuff you write. I want to preach to them on the text—"The fool and his money are soon parted."

(5) Why don't you whirl in, and help me force those miserable cowards and fakes and hypocrites to take up my challenge? The men I allude to are Eugene Debs, Fred Warren, Robert Hunter, J. A. Wayland, Victor Berger and Richard Le Gallienne. Tell them what I say of them; and *tell them that I just dare them to publish a reply to my questions.*

(6) You yourself dodged the interrogatories, and mixed yourself up in the most complicated fashion. In stating the Socialist position on Marriage, nobody can tell for certain what you meant to say. "Socialists, *as such*, are content that people should attend to their own marital relations."

You underscore the words, *"as such."* Why so? What sense is there in using those two words, in that connection? Do you get ten cents for two superfluous words when you are writing for five cents a word? Fie! fie! Brother Hall. You might just as well have said "Milch cows, *as such*, have calves and give milk." Or, you might have put it this way—"Certain monkeys, *as such*, have tails." Or, for the sake of euphony and variety, you might have written, "Some ideologists, *as such*, get their feet on the fly paper, and cause great amusement among the beholders." *"Socialists are content that people should attend to their own marital relations."* Now, what does *that*

mean? Has the State nothing to do with the mating, unmating, and remating of boys and girls, men and women? Herr Bebel, and the *International Socialist Review*, and other Northern organs of Socialism, contend that Church and State have nothing whatever to do with the marital relations of people. Apparently, Brother Hall testifies to the same thing, to wit, that Socialism teaches that the intermarriage of two people is a personal, private affair with which the State has no right to concern itself. That's free love. You see, "On again, off again, gone again, Flanigan." Fine system, isn't it? What a glorious old time amorous boys, licentious youths, and lecherous old men would have! And, oh! the negro preacher! *We would go to hell faster than a lead-line seeks bottom.*

As if the merest "new beginner" in Social studies did not know, *that institutional wedlock, as we practise it, is society's effort to protect the wife, and identify the father of her child!*

The man who knows a woman, and causes her to conceive, owes a sacred duty to her, and to the fruit of her womb. *Because so many men would desert their mates, and neglect the duties of paternity,* if Society did not resort to compulsory methods, *the Church and the State unite, and use their utmost power to throw around the marriage contract all the impressiveness of Law, all the sanctity of Religion!*

The woman who does not realize that the Moses of every nation did everything possible to curb men with marital chains, *for her sake, and for the sake of her children,* is wilfully blind to self-evident truths. Man may tug and strain to loosen the shackles which bind him to one woman, but when women join in the same struggle, *they are simply mad.*

(7) The Socialists of Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri and Florida—to say nothing of poor, distracted Kansas—will roar uproariously when they read Brother Hall's answer on land ownership, (excuse me, while I brush away a tear.) Brother Hall will never know, until it is everlastingly too late, how much trouble his innocent admission on the land question is going to cause among the rural dervishes. Here, we have all been told, assured and promised that, under Socialism, each of us would be allowed to own as much land as he could work with his own hands. Not only that, but we had been beguiled into believing that we could even own as much as our own immediate family could till. We had all adjusted ourselves comfortably to that proposition. True, there were some things about it that seemed the least bit unfair. For instance, a great big black cornfield nigger would, under the Socialist arrangement, get more land than Rockefeller would. Then, again, it would be hard on the poor fellow who, for one reason or another, could not attract a visit from the stork. And none of us would like it very much to see that Atlanta man, who has thirty children, (and nobody says that he has sworn off,) just adding field to field, every time another one or two or a dozen of his children got old enough to work.

Nevertheless, the *Appeal* and "Col. Dick Maple," and among 'em, seemed so nice and accommodating; and were evidently making so many earnest efforts to cut the cloth to fit us old Pops, Greenbackers, Peter-Cooperites, disgruntled Democrats and sour-belch Republicans, that we had just about settled down to the conclusion that the Socialists would at length decide to let us keep our sandbeds, rocky-ridges, gullied-slopes, broomsedges, etc.

And now, here comes Bolton Hall, publicly declaring that *"all Socialists believe that the land and all means of production should belong to the people."*

Why, dog my cats! if he hasn't as good as given the lie direct to Eugene Debs, Fred Warren, J. A. Wayland, Dick Maple, E. H. Gurley, and the whole Southern and Western shooting-match.

But, of course, *what Bolton Hall says is true.* Socialism does not admit of the private ownership of anything which is a necessary contributory to the production of wealth. That principle would deprive you of your land, of your horses and mules, of your cows and hogs, of your plantation implements. Carried to the *reductio absurdum*, it would deny you the individual and private ownership of the bed you slept on, the clothes you wore, the food you ate.

Nearly every blessed thing that the working man has, contributes to the production of wealth, by helping him do his work.

(8) On the racial and social question, Mr. Hall dodges—does not meet the issue at all. The questions about Religion and the Home also cause him to fly the track. But this article has already grown much longer than was intended, and I will not now dwell upon Brother Hall's evasions.

(P. S.—What I said about the announcement of the Cleveland *Times*, was mere jocosity, you know. Bolton Hall is a fine man, and I sincerely wish him many a long year of health, strength and happiness. His writing is worth what he is paid for it, else he would not command such a good price. I congratulate him on it, and hope that the rate will advance rather than recede. T. E. W.)

A COMPLETE COMPENDIUM OF INFORMATION.

Mr. Editor:—Will you please publish the following questions in the Educational Department of the Jeffersonian Magazine?

(1) From whom can I obtain a life-size picture of Robert Toombs, representing that great orator and statesman as he appeared in 1858? [This was answered some time ago.]

(2) Why is it that Georgia has not erected a suitable memorial to perpetuate his fame? We suggest the advisability of organizing a Toombs Memorial Association, whose object shall be to collect funds to erect a suitable monument to that remarkable man. We have read all your writings in reference to Robert Toombs, and we now have a more definite conception of the superior gifts of the great orator and advocate of Southern rights. [Already answered.]

(3) Is it true that Senator Tillman voted in the Dingley tariff bill for two dollars per thousand on dressed lumber? [Yes.]

(4) How many million dollars will that much tariff increase the cost of lumber to the American consumer? [A great many.]

(5) Tillman was elected to the United States Senate on a platform of retrenchment and reform,—in short, he went there with his pitchfork to wage a warfare on monopolies and illegal corporations of capital that might be manipulated in the interest of private individuals and to the detriment of the masses. [Certainly.]

(6) Ought not that to have been an incentive for him to have voted on every occasion against co-operative interests? [To be sure.]

(7) Tillman, Livingston, and other so-called reformers and Alliancemen from the South, saw that we could not accomplish our demands in the Democratic party, which was dominated by the North and East, thus, was it not obligatory on them to identify themselves with the People's Party? Or any other party that would have relieved us from the clutches of Wall Street?

(8) We are impressed with the idea that Tillman and others advocated reform and Alliance principles in order to obtain a seat in the Senate and Congress, and then refused to unite with the People's Party for fear they would lose their seats in Congress. In short, did they not repudiate the principles of true Democracy as it was embodied in the Alliance demands? [Yes.]

(9) Hasn't Tillman, in voting for a tariff of two dollars a thousand on dressed lumber, and twenty-five cents per ton on iron ore, and his tommyrot tea tariff bill, voted in the interest of trusts to over fifty million dollars? [Yes.]

(10) Tillman said last March that it was not any use for him to remain in Washington, for the simple reason that the Republicans were in the majority, and would frame a tariff bill to suit themselves; consequently, he retired to the lecture platform to discuss the race question, about which he knows so little.

(11) Would it not be a good idea to discontinue the pay for Senators and Congressmen when absent unless they are ill and can produce a certificate from their attending physician? [Yes.]

(12) Isn't there as much disgrace in abandoning a cause of righteousness as there is in receiving a bribe to vote for special interest? [Yes.]

(13) If all Southern Senators and Congressmen had deserted their post of duty during the discussion of some of the important schedules of the Payne tariff bill, as did Senator Tillman, would it not have disgraced them in the estimation of all right-thinking people? [Yes—at least, I hope so.]

(14) Tillman was instrumental some years ago in having a resolution passed by the South Carolina State Convention to compel her United States Senators and Congressmen to vote in Congress in accordance with the principles of the Democratic national platform, which was adopted previous to our State Convention. We do not think that resolution has ever been rescinded. That was a slap at ex-Senator McLaurin, of this State, for voting for the ratification of the Paris treaty. Isn't it just as obligatory on Tillman to vote for the principles of the last Democratic national platform, which made a specific declaration in favor of free raw material? [Yes.]

Notwithstanding that, Tillman says he agrees with Senator Bailey in his advocacy of a tariff on raw material. So, you see, B. R. Tillman has, in the past, tried to force his colleague to vote for the principles of our national platform, but seems to disregard those principles himself when he wishes to affiliate with the Republicans to the detriment of his constituents. [Plain case.]

(15) What think you of a physician who prescribes for a patient, but is unwilling to take the same treatment himself, when afflicted with a similar malady? [What any one else would think.]

(16) We are impressed with the idea that the views of Senators Daniel, Bailey, Tillman and McEnery are doing more to defeat the will of the people than the efforts of all the representatives of special privilege: are we correct? [So am I.]

We have always voted for Senator Tillman, but did so with feelings of apprehension lest he might at some future time prove recreant to the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy.

He forced himself to the front and advocated principles in which we believed and a spirit of consistency prompted us to support him. But since he seems disposed to kneel at the shrine of special privilege, we utterly refuse to follow him any further. We regret very much to see so many of our people disposed to vote for Tillman regardless of what he may say or do. They seem to think he is infallible, and I honestly believe they would vote for him in preference to their Savior if Christ were to return to earth and oppose Tillman.

(17) Is it not a fact that the South and West have paid largely the greater part of the tariff and revenue taxes, and get, through the efforts of our Senators and Congressmen, about one dollar for public buildings and the improvement of rivers, etc., to about twenty for the North and East for similar improvements. In other words, we are impressed with the idea that our Southern representatives have got to co-operate with the Northern and Eastern representatives in their extravagant appropriations for public improvements in order to get a few crumbs for the South. If such is the case, don't you think it is enough to provoke the censure and criticism of every honest and patriotic citizen? If I am mistaken in the amount, please state about the amount each section pays and the proportionate amount each section receives for public improvements. [Sufficiently accurate.]

(18) Did not Tillman, stumping the West for Parker in 1904, after his strenuous opposition to Cleveland's administration, have a tendency to weaken the people's faith in him as a champion of the people's rights? [Outside of South Carolina, Ben is as dead as a doornail.]

We have no great tribune in the Senate or Congress, like Toombs. A careful study of the vacillating records of many of our public men makes manifest the fact that we are degenerating in statesmanship. [No doubt about that.]

Yours truly, ROBERT R. JEFFARES.

Shelton, South Carolina.

GOVERNMENT BONDS AND NOTES.

DEAR SIR:—Please answer the following questions:

(1) How many U. S. A. Government Bonds are there that are non-taxable and interest-bearing?

(2) How many Treasury Notes are there, and are they non-taxable?

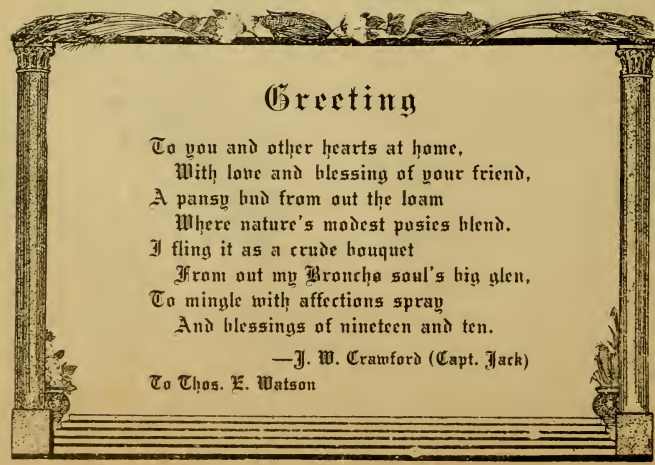
S. L. SHANBURGER.

Quitman, Texas, Rt. No. 5.

ANSWER.

(1) $897,503,990.00.

(2) $346,681,016 Greenbacks, $3,952,000 Treasury Notes of 1890. In the hands of those who possess them, at a given time of the year, they are subject to State, county and municipal taxation. T. E. W.



JONATHAN UPGLADE. By William Earle Chase. Published by the author, Madison, Wisconsin. (Price $1.25.)

As thoroughly wholesome and up-to-date a book as I have handled in many a day. Deals with our social and moral problems in a most broad-minded and intelligent manner. The author's heart is in the right place. All things that suffer excite his compassion. His reflections and suggestions on city life, the schools, church discipline, the sex problem, and uplift societies are enlightening, helpful, philosophic.

His chapter on Vivisection is particularly impressive. The horrors of those dissecting rooms where dogs and other live animals are tortured hideously, and in many cases capriciously, remind one of the diabolism of the Inquisition of the Roman Catholic Church. We give some extracts from this chapter, and sincerely trust that they may contribute to the arousing of general indignation against the unlicensed, indiscriminate and utterly fiendish practices described in the quoted passages:

"What is vivisection?

"It was once desired by experimenters to test a certain scientific hypothesis. To do this *four thousand dogs* were tortured. Afterwards, it was found necessary to oversct the theory, and *four thousand* more were sacrificed to refute it.

"This is vivisection.

"A reliable witness testified to this incident: 'A dog with its four feet fastened to a table had its skin (and tissues)? cut and turned back all along the back from the neck to the tail. This was done in such a way that the spinal column was laid bare, and the nerve roots exposed so that they could be touched like the strings of an instrument, with a pair of forceps. To each touch responded a cry of agony, like the notes of a violin.' The scene was so revolting 'that the witness could not endure it and left the place.'

"This is vivisection.

"It happened to occur in Florence; but there is nothing in the laws of this State to prevent such a deed being done in Massachusetts any day.

"One of the most memorable public addresses of Lord Shaftesbury was that in which he told the House of Lords the now famous incident of the dog who, undergoing a shocking vivisection of the vertebral nerves, struggled up and put his paws about the neck of his tormentor and prayed for mercy—and how the little creature prayed in vain.

"An English surgeon of high standing, who has witnessed many vivisections and performed some, has lately told us how he found in a foreign laboratory a collie dog who had been kept alive to be tortured especially with experiments upon the brain. Parts of the brain had been removed from time to time, thus affecting the intelligence of the poor animal. Stupid with mutilation and with suffering, he had ceased to show signs of interest in his surroundings. The visitor patted him and spoke to him in English, saying 'Poor fellow!' It was thought that he had been an English dog, for he made a piteous attempt to respond to his native tongue; then relapsed again into his despair. The dog had been a prisoner in that house of hell for *two years*.

"An American surgeon has published an account of his 'experiments' on dogs, and—God forgive him! It is more than I can do—he himself has told us how he treated them. He owns that he crushed their bones; he admits that he pulled out and tore their nerves; he acknowledges that he poured boiling water into their abdominal cavities, scalding the intestines; he does not deny that he held a dog's paw over a Bunsen burner to burn it; he offers instances of burning the nose, intestines, and peritoneum; he mentions 'forcibly dragging' a dog's tongue out of its mouth. He says that he used anesthetics. But he admits occasionally using morphia and curare. These are not anesthetics. How long would anesthesia, even if induced, obliterate the sufferings of these victims?

"Listen to one or two of this man's vivisections as recorded by himself:—

"Exp. IV. Collie terrier. First. Paw crushed with forceps. Second. Foot crushed extensively. Third. Nerves of shoulder torn out. Fourth. Opposite paw severely crushed. Fifth. . . . organs crushed . . . Seventh. The abdomen cut open. Eight. Some nerves in the neck cut. Time of experiment not mentioned.

"Exp. X. Fox terrier, three years old. Chest and abdomen cut open. Various parts crushed and cut. Duration, one hour and twenty-nine minutes.

"Exp. XII. Retriever. Cut open and crushed in various ways. Duration, one hour and twenty minutes.

"Exp. XIV. Mongrel. Paws crushed. Abdomen cut open and hot water poured in. Hind feet placed in boiling water. Duration, two hours.

"Will these do as examples of American vivisection?

"'*God Almighty, who is just,*' said William Penn of a certain matter, '*will judge you for all these things.*'

"There was once a dog whose pathetic story the history of vivisection will not willingly let die. The little creature was tied down to the table, part of the intestines cut out and the ends stitched together; then the opening in the abdomen stitched up, and the dog left upon the table for the night. The physician who tells the story says, 'We know the awful pain in abdominal operations, even with good nursing. But what about nursing a dog?' On the second night of its agony, while the poor thing lay crying and moaning, another dog, also a

prisoner in that chamber of torture, and waiting its turn, broke its fastenings, and, moved by a pity which man had refused, came to the relief of the little victim. He gnawed the ropes and took off the dressings of the wound, thinking that the trouble must be there, and dragged his mutilated friend around the dark and deserted laboratory, seeking a way of escape. In the morning both dogs were found: one dead; the living watching beside him.

"A qualified and highly cultivated physician who has long studied the subject has given this definition of the practice: 'There is not an organ of the animal body, not a function, not a sensation, which has not been or is not being investigated and experimented upon by the physiologist. Is it the brain? They plough it with red-hot instruments; they pick and slice and galvanize it. Is it the spinal cord? Its functions are minutely explored, and the nerves which come from it traced with scalpel and forceps. In the eyes are inserted powerful and biting acids, and through their transparent media the effect of painful inoculations is watched. . . . Can the animal eat? It is to be kept alive without food, or fed on grotesque diets to see how long it will take it to starve. Can it drink? It must be subjected to experiments with fluids. It has blood; it must all be removed and pumped in again, that something may be learned even from that. It breathes; it shall have poisonous gases to inhale. Can it perspire? It shall be varnished or covered with wax to see how long it can live without doing so. Can it take cold? It shall be shaven clean and bathed with ice-water to see how long it will take to contract pneumonia. Can it burn? It shall be baked alive. Can it be scalded? It shall be boiled alive. Freeze? It shall be stiffened to the consistency of wood. Is there a new disease discovered by the faculty? It shall be compelled to contract it if possible, or exhibit the reasons why it does not. Is there a degree of agony which just stops short of death and no more? . . . Nail by nail shall be driven carefully into its limbs till no more crucifixion can be borne.'

"A well-known professor in a Massachusetts medical school, admitted to a reliable witness this winter that he instructed his students after they had left the college to pursue private, and hence, of course, irresponsible, vivisection of animals in order to preserve manual dexterity. 'Do you mean,' asked the questioner, 'that you advocate the sacrifice of an indefinite number of animals to equip an inexperienced young doctor for a possible human surgical case that he may never find?'

"'*Certainly,*' replied the professor, '*I insist upon it.* I say: Vivisect! Vivisect! Vivisect!'

"I shall now read extracts from 'A Clinical and Experimental Study of Massage' by a certain doctor in Archives Generales De Medicine, January and February, 1892:—

"First Experiment. Large watch dog. 'Extended on the vivisecting table on its stomach —the four limbs and head fastened, but not too tightly. . . . . With a large empty stone bottle I strike a dozen violent blows on the thighs. The animal, by its cries, more and more violent, indicates that the bruise is great, and vividly felt.'

"Second Experiment. Large hound. 'The animal is fixed like the former. Placing myself at a certain height, that my mallet may strike with greater force on the part to be experimented upon, I give with all the strength of my right arm twelve successive blows with a great wooden mallet, some on the deltoid, some on the shoulder, some at the back, some in front. As in the first case, this dog indicates by his cries that the bruises are very painfully felt, after which he falls into a sort of sleep, broken by moans, for ten minutes. After this again he awakes agitated, and seems to suffer more than the first dog.'

"Sixth Experiment. July 18th, 1890. A large watch dog. 'I try, at first ineffectively, to dislocate the shoulder. I only succeed in dislocating the elbow and in fracturing the right carpus by torsion.' (Four days afterwards.) 'The animal is worse, has diarrhœa, the eyes are glazed. . . . . It is the more interesting to see the animal use his forepaw, etc.'

"Seventh Experiment. Large bitch. 'We proceed without anesthetics, thinking that they have nullified previous experiments. The animal is fastened on the vivisecting table. I dislocate successively both her shoulders, doing it with some difficulty. . . . The animal, which appears to suffer much, is kept in a condition of dislocation for about half an hour. It struggles violently in spite of its bonds. . . . . The autopsy shows that on the left shoulder there had been a tearing out of the small tuberosity *and of all the adjoining skeleton.*'

"Eighth Experiment. Poodle dog. . . . . 'Replaced on the table with chloral; I dislocated his two shoulders. The animal utters screams of suffering; I hold him for twenty minutes, with his two shoulders dislocated and the elbows tied together behind his back.'"

THE REDEMPTION OF KENNETH GALT. By Will N. Harben. Harper Bros., New York, Publishers.

Readers of this Magazine do not need to be told what I think of Harben, as a novelist. In his delineation of character, his faithful description of manners, and his talent for creating a story *which might have happened*, he is not surpassed by any author of the day.

In this novel, Harben enters a new field. There are no Abner Daniels or Pole Bakers in it. It does not deal with the life-comedy and tragedy of the lowly and illiterate. The story is about gentlefolk. And while the reader's interest never flags, he lays down the volume with a vague disappointment. He feels that things have not turned out as they should have done.

In the "Redemption of Kenneth Galt", there is an interweaving of two distinct stories. A handsome, manly, very superior boy goes wrong; and he has to leave his home in Georgia, wander to Oklahoma, and work his way up. He meets with success, redeems himself, and at length weds the lovely sweetheart who has waited for him for six years.

But the greater interest attaches to a beautiful, poor girl who acts, all too soon and passionately, the part of "George Eliot" to the Lewes of Kenneth Galt, a wealthy and talented free-thinker. At the crisis, this seducer of the fatherless girl abandons her. He, too, leaves home, to build a railroad and amass greater riches. He, too, remains away six years. His deserted victim stays with her old mother, develops her glorious artistic genius, makes money and wins fame as a painter, devoting herself to her beautiful boy.

Kenneth returns, and without knowing that the brat is his, takes a great fancy to him—for he is a manly, plucky and most attractive child. This, of course, at length brings the parents together, and there is a belated wedding.

But the reader is left under the disagreeable impression that had not the cur found Dora Barry a most lovely, dazzlingly fair and thoroughly independent young woman, he would never have done her the tardy justice of marrying her.

Besides, one feels that her motive in accepting him as a husband, after all those years of base desertion, is, *to legitimatize her boy.*

"Another" loves her, but has never had the manhood to ask her hand; and as we take leave of Dora, we feel that we are saying "goodbye" to a wife who loathes her shackles.

The "redemption" of Kenneth consists of his repentance, and turning to God: but somehow, I can't escape the suspicion that, with that streak of yellow dog in him, his contrition and sudden piety wouldn't have been so agonizing had he found Dora dressed in rags, pitted by smallpox, with several front teeth missing, and blind in one eye. T. E. W.

"YOUR CHARACTER," written and compiled by Elizabeth Towne and Catherine Struble Twing. Published by Elizabeth Towne at Holyoke, Mass.

A dainty little volume concerning the signs of the Zodiac, and giving an attractive "write-up" of everything pertaining to the birth-month in delicate, terse style. In addition to this, the volume contains many apt quotations from famous representatives of those whose nativity comes under the several signs, and the element of humor is not lacking, when the book is dedicated as a special source of encouragement and inspiration to those who came ashore under Capricornus, the Goat. Just the kind of a book really "human" people will like, for, while we all deny it, aren't we all just a bit superstitious?

A CURB TO PREDATORY WEALTH. By W. V. Marshall. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York City, Publishers.

Mr. Marshall's curb consists of graduated tax on property. The increase proposed is that of arithmetical progression; that is, "a fixed unit of increase is added to the initial rate of taxation for each successive unit of increase of the capitalization."

Thus $1,000,000 taxed at .01 would yield $10,000. On $2,000,000 the rate would be .011 and the yield $22,000. On $500,000,000, the rate would be .509 and the revenue $254,500,000.

Mr. Marshall argues forcibly against monopolized production and marketing, and he contends that his graduated tax would be followed by unfettered competition, equality of opportunity and a just distribution of wealth. The work is timely and interesting. The author makes out a strong case for his theory.

Communications

AN OPINION ON SOCIALISM.

DEAR SIR:—I read your Magazine each month; it has been in our home for years. I am especially interested in the articles on Socialism, now appearing. Such a book as Bebel's "Woman Under Socialism" is most obnoxious to one who accepts the pure commands of Jesus. But such views on religion and sex-relation are simply incidental to the writings of some Socialists. I am in faith an orthodox Christian, and my life aim is to embody my ideal. My father is a minister; since womanhood I myself have been an organizer and lecturer for the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

I refer you to the Encyclopedia Britannica. "It is a serious mistake to suppose that there can be any real antagonism between the ethical and spiritual teaching of Christianity and the principles of Socialism rightly understood." Now, the writer of this article was no Socialist, but a careful, candid scholar.

There are, and have been, in this country many active Christian workers who are ardent Socialists, among whom I mention W. D. P. Bliss, Bishop Spaulding, and Rev. E. E. Carr (5623 Drexel Ave., Chicago), editor of the "Christian Socialist." Also, Frances E. Willard was a Socialist.

If it is Atheism, Materialism and Free Love you combat, then why not also attack the professors in many of our leading universities? This spring a series of articles ran through the Cosmopolitan, entitled "Blasting at the Rock of Ages," in which the rank materialism, atheism, and free-love ideas of many prominent university instructors were exposed. It proves that such theories are by no means confined to a few classic Socialist writers.

Again, bad as the tendency may be, I don't believe such theories couched in erudite books or scholastic instruction cause so much actual transgression as do economic conditions. Can you deny that poverty prevents men from marrying and too often drives women to choose between hunger and shame? Most of those who lead an evil life have no leisure for or knowledge of the theories of philosophers and college instructors.

In your December Magazine a mail-carrier informs us that the Socialists of his community "boast of the red flag, which is emblematic of revolution, ridicule the Christian religion, and are in revolt against the Government." He admits he "never affiliated in any of the Socialist meetings," but got his ideas from "Socialists."

In Ward's "Ancient Lowly" there is a chapter entitled The Red Flag from which we learn why this emblem is, and always has been, dear to the laborers. The very name "Flag" signifies "flame" and came down to us from the first waving pinion, which was red to represent the rays of the sun. In ancient times white, purple and azure were the colors of the upper classes and waved over the armies of conquest. At home in peaceful processions the crimson banner floated over the farmers and mechanics on festival occasions. In Middle Ages the Church grew up in craft and guild under the fostering folds of the red flag, and many a beautiful crimson banner has been adorned with such sacred emblems as Cross or Virgin. So, to one who loves it and knows its history, the red flag is emblem of the fiery, life-giving rays of the sun, and the pure, responsive generation of the grain fields, and not the devastation and death of a field of battle.

I have been most fortunate in my acquaintance with Socialists. I have in mind two capable women, one of whom is a National W. C. T. U. organizer, and the other was, for over ten years, president of our organization in a neighboring State. The purity, patriotism and Christian consecration of these women can not be questioned. Also, I have affiliated in Socialist meetings and have been entertained in Socialist homes, both in Kansas City and in Girard, Kansas. These comrades impressed me as frank, clear-minded, intelligent men and women whom it was an inspiration to meet. I never saw nor heard anything that would shock the sensibility of a Christian woman or excite a suspicion of violent, bloody revolution. Of course, Socialism stands for a different social order, but it is to come by the ballot and through legislation.

Once while representing the W. C. T. U. a minister's wife asked me if I had ever run across the writings of that infidel down South who fought the Church so bitterly? She said

his name was "Tom Watson," and he ought to be driven out of a Christian land. I informed the lady that I was familiar with Mr. Watson's writings, as his Magazine each month lay on our center table by the Bible and Sunday-School Journal. I apologize for mentioning this, but it is a practical example of wrong inference.

I offer these few facts in the interest of truth.

Sincerely yours,

THE DAUGHTER OF A POPULIST.

Maryville, Mo.

ANSWER.

The spirit of Miss Kern's letter is admirable. Evidently her intelligence is of a high order, her capacity for thinking well developed, and her interest in her fellow-beings deep and unselfish. It is a pleasure to exchange ideas with such a young woman.

The college professors to whom Miss Kern refers have been so thoroughly shown up and vigorously denounced, by so many hundreds of periodicals and individuals, that any attack of mine would be like throwing a sand-cracker during a battle. I can accomplish more by exposing something that other papers and magazines refuse to touch. In revealing the monstrosities of Foreign Missions, for instance, I have had almost a monopoly. Some of the gallant editors of the weekly papers have held up my hands; but the city dailies, and the monthly magazines are mum—excepting when they come out on the other side.

So, also, as to Socialism. I am having it all to myself. The other papers, generally, stay over on the other side of the street. Vardaman reprints some of my stuff in his paper, *The Issue*, and so do some other country papers; but the daily press and the magazines have naught to say.

As to Socialism and Christianity being the same, in spirit, you are in error. Will try to demonstrate this, in one of my chapters later on. Please don't cite me to Encyclopedias, on a subject of this kind. Are you not aware of the fact that in dealing with the Baptist creed, a Baptist is selected to prepare the article for the Encyclopedia? That a Methodist is chosen to "do" the article on Methodism? A Darwinian to write on Darwin's theory; and a Socialist, to explain Socialism? That's the way encyclopedias are generally constructed.

Even if this were not true of the article referred to by you, it would make no difference with me. I am under no obligation to take somebody else's opinion of Socialism. It is my right to study the subject, and find out for myself.

* * *

There is awful pauperism in these United States, and I presume it is true that many young men do not marry because they do not feel able to support a wife and children. To be quite frank about it, however, I have the utmost contempt for a strong, healthy, intelligent man who is *such an infernal coward that he will not fight life's battle for the woman he loves.* There isn't an able-bodied youth—*willing to work with his hands*—who can not support a wife in any rural community in this republic. In my experience, I have known hundreds of young people to pair off, and go to housekeeping, when neither the husband nor the wife had any property whatever. I can't say how it is in other parts of the country, but in Georgia a strapping young man, able to plow, hoe, cut wood, handle plank at a sawmill, work in a blacksmith shop, or at the carpenter's trade, *would be looked down on with scorn, if he admitted that he was in love with his sweetheart, and she with him, but he was afraid to marry her, because he doubted his ability to support her!* And I believe that the same thing is true of country people, throughout the Union.

The truth is—you let a red-blooded youth fall in love with a pretty girl, and she with him, and the first thing they think of is marriage. The bread and meat question cuts no ice with country boys. They marry, with splendid masculine confidence, *knowing* that they can support their mates.

Show me the dastard who will leave his lady-love to pine unwedded, because he says he is "afeard" he can't earn enough to put bread in both their mouths, and I'll show you a man that isn't worth hell's room.

The facts are too much the other way. A great many trifling men, with no property, marry girls who have none; and then the trifling husband settles down to the steady business of being a father. That's about all he does—just pads the census reports. His wife, at first, and later his children, support *him*, the lazy hound; and it may be that he adds to the happiness of the home by getting drunk occasionally, and kicking up Jack.

There may be some city boys who don't marry when they're in love—but they are weaklings, mollycoddles, lunkheads, undesirables, decadents, drug-store habitues. I've never seen a city boy, yet—with any manliness about him—who banked the fires of his heart, turned his back on the girl that loved him, and became an old bach for economic reasons. Youth is not so blamed economical as all that.

The saddest feature of our present condition is, that girls and grown women marry men they do not love, in order that they may get homes. There is a very great evil here. Why,

my dear Miss Kern, your father can explain to you how bad laws caused the poverty of the people. Any old Greenbacker, or Populist, can make it plain to you that Special Privilege and class-legislation have brought us to this pass. Our *system of Government* did not do it: *the abuses* of the system did it.

As to those lovable Socialists with whom you are acquainted, they belong to the visionary class who believe in human perfectibility. There are many of these; but the men and the women of the rank and file of Socialism (especially in the large cities) have the lust for murder and loot in their hearts. Did you know that Karl Marx had to disband *his* organization because he saw that his followers were bent on riot and robbery? That's a fact.

Suppose you drop a line to Hon. Fred D. Wimberly, Cochran, Ga., asking that he inform you, in confidence, what the Socialists of the cities are talking. It will startle you.

T. E. W.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE.

Dear Sir:—I want to say a few things about you and me. Read it if you have time.

I am thirty-three years old, and have been practically an invalid all my life. Have read a great deal. Everything that I could get hold of that you wrote. I have loved you since I was a youth. I heard you speak on the Ocala platform at Greensboro. I have heard you a number of times. Heard you on the child labor bill in Atlanta, and have voted for you every time I had a chance, and I am with you till the end of life. I am not afraid of death, as I have unbounded faith in God; and now, knowing the good you are doing and the little good that I can do, could it be so *I would gladly give the rest of my days to be added to yours.*

You have done more to educate and uplift the people of America than any set of four men in it, and I pray often that you may live to (see) get some of the honor that will certainly be yours some day.

Yours always, Frank C. Smith.

Greensboro, Ga., R. F. D. 2.

THE McDUFFIE-CUMMING DUEL.

My Dear Mr. Watson:—Returning from Atlanta this morning, after an absence of several days, I find your letter without date.

There is no tradition in my family in reference to Mr. McDuffie's conduct on the field in his three duels with Col. William Cumming, which at all disparages the former. It is true that it sounds rather badly to say that a man was shot in the back, but I can well understand how Mr. McDuffie received just the wound he did while deporting himself firmly and courageously on the duelling ground. I understand that in fighting a duel with pistols, the combatants stand presenting each his right side to his antagonist. In this position the slightest movement of the body might result in a bullet entering the side near the back and doing just what the bullet did in this instance, lodging on the side of the spinal column. That, as I have always understood, was the nature of Mr. McDuffie's wound. In a certain sense it might be said to have been "in the small of the back," but it reached the small of the back by way of the side, and was not a bullet which entered the back from the back.

I have learned from my father many, many years ago, that in one of the meetings between these combatants, Mr. McDuffie complained of the position which Colonel Cumming took on the field, his complaint being that Colonel Cumming leaned too much towards his adversary and extended his arm too much, thus shortening the space between them. This led to a controversy on the field between principals and seconds, and that meeting was therefore adjourned and all parties, principals and seconds, met at the old Planter's Hotel in Augusta and discussed the complaint, and arranged for a subsequent meeting, which was had and shots exchanged. Whether the subsequent meeting just referred to was the second duel, in which neither was hit, or the third, in which Mr. McDuffie received the wound which eventually impaired his mind and shortened his life, I can not say.

Very truly yours, Jos. B. Cumming.

This correspondence originated in your inquiry about the McDuffie-Cumming duels.

In my former letter on this subject I gave you a meagre statement of what I have learned from my father. A more expanded narrative is this: The meeting referred to was at Campbelltown, across the river in South Carolina, opposite what is now the upper part of the city of Augusta. I think that Mr. McDuffie's second was Judge Evans, but of this I am not certain. Col. Wm. Cumming's second, strange to say, was his youngest brother, Alfred Cumming, afterwards Governor of Utah. After the principals had been stationed at the pegs and the order to fire was about to be given, Mr. McDuffie jumped away from the peg claiming that Colonel Cummings attitude was irregular, that it gave him an advantage in two ways: both as to shortening the distance to Mr. McDuffie's disadvantage and protecting his, Colonel Cumming's, most vital parts. This incident led to great excitement in which the seconds drew their pistols, and there was danger of an exchange of shots between them. However, it was agreed by a conference on the field that the parties should adjourn to the old Planter's Hotel in the city of Augusta that evening and discuss the matter.

These duels between these parties certainly presented some very exceptional features. On this occasion, according to my recollection of my father's statement to me many, many years ago, the principals, their seconds and several of their friends joined in the debate. Mr. McDuffie, imitating the position which Colonel

Cumming had assumed, asked what Colonel Cumming could have done if he, McDuffie, had assumed that position, and received the answer that he could have put a bullet through the flap of his waistcoat pocket. Anyhow, the matter was debated, a conclusion reached, and the parties met again and exchanged fire.

I desire to repeat that I have never heard the slighest imputation upon the courage of Mr. McDuffie. J. B. C.

(This lamentable series of duels originated in a mistake made by McDuffie, as to the authorship of certain newspaper articles. Richard Henry Wilde, of "My Life is Like the Summer Rose" fame, wrote them, but McDuffie, believing Colonel Cumming to be the author, attacked him through the press. A challenge followed, and it would seem that three duels were fought before the quarrel ended. T. E. W.)

YES : THEY ARE QUITE CAPABLE OF ASSASSINATING ME.

My Dear Sir:—I am very glad to hear you announce that you will write a history of the South and West, and I sincerely hope that you will live long and continue your great work in the interest of a higher civilization based on righteousness, honesty, and truth.

Mr. Watson, I have been your admirer for many years, and I appreciate what you have always done, and are doing, for the great middle-class, or common people. You have not failed in any instance to champion the cause of the people when they were being duped by designing politicians and others, and, in my opinion, you have lately done the greatest work of modern times in turning your "guns" on the Foreign Mission system of the country, and showing the people just how far wrong the Foreign Mission "fanatics" have gone. It seems to me that the people would awake to the great need for the things they are furnishing the "heathen" right here in our own homeland.

I am also glad to hear you say that you will expose the doings of the "Papa" at Rome, but I would warn you to be very careful and guard against the fate that has met men who have dared to expose the terrible wickedness of the Pope in all ages. When a man of your knowledge and ability takes up the work of exposing to civilization the doings of Popeism, there is no telling just what means may be employed to silence your pen. The world knows you, and the "Papa" likewise knows you, and I am anxious for your safety since you have announced that you will train your guns on the Catholic Hierarchy.

To undertake the task you have announced does almost, if not quite, jeopardize your very life; and I would caution you to be careful while you are engaged in that particular work for humanity. I am ever your true friend, one hoping that God will bless you and give you many years in which to labor for good and for humanity, because, when Tom Watson is gone, who will do the work he is doing? It seems the man is not yet come.

Very truly,

Oxford, Ala.

COMMENT.

I had already thought of that. The danger is real, and I do not underrate it. Nevertheless, one can not live always. To die in a noble cause is a beautiful death. I would rather be shot, as Professor Ferrer was, than to live the inglorious life of King Alfonso. The Irish have a quatrain that runs—

"Whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place for man to die
Is where he dies for man."

A THIRD PARTY NECESSARY.

Editor Jeffersonians:—Possibly it will not be amiss to state here that I have been a regular and attentive reader of your publications since their advent. In the newspaper world, I was on the firing line at the time the People's Party Paper collapsed many years ago, and I am still game, with never a thought of surrendering, for the conditions which precipitated the revolt then, exist, in a large measure, yet. Therefore, the existence of a third party is necessary and inevitable.

The result of the Taft administration will be no improvement on past conditions. Republicanism is too closely allied to the monied corporations, and there isn't a leader in the so-called Democratic party that I would trust, politically, as far as I could swing a yearling by the tail. Nationally, the Democratic party is dead, and the end dawns none too soon. The poor thing died of political rot.

But, reader, the Jeffersonian (or Watsonian party) is here, and here to stay. The principles underlying this great uprising of the people can not be extinguished, but are forces to be reckoned with. And why is this so? Because the greatest among many still lives and is as dauntless as in the days of yore,—standing second to none in the annals of great men. There were those who came after him, but they lingered for a short while only,—too weak to stand the fire, and finally passed from view, and their passing was ignominious and cowardly, and for that we will try to remember them no more forever.

But him who leads this revolt knows no surrender, asks for no quarter, fearless, and the greatest genius any political system has yet evolved. He lives in the hearts of his people,

and their admiration for his unswerving loyalty to principle, and his disdain of the foul tongue of slander, make him soar far and above his traducers. The day will yet come when his powers will be, if possible, more thoroughly understood and appreciated. May God hasten the day. JOHN B. GIBSON.

Athens, Ga.

MARTINSVILLE LITERARY CLUB.

At a meeting of the club, assembled tonight at 9:30, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, and requested to send same to your paper:

Resolved by the club, after having a full discussion of the two articles of Mr. Watson's December number, to wit: "Approaching of Christmas" and "Seeking the Light," That the said articles are very beautiful; full of a portrayal of human nature, and strike a tender chord in every true man and woman's heart, shaking off all superficial garnishment and display and bringing out fully the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man; teaching the influence of a ripe and intellectual, fertile brain, which should be fully read and digested by readers of brilliant literature.

The following officers subscribe their signatures: WM. M. PAYTON, President.
O. W. JONES, Secretary.
J. B. ANGLIN, on Queries.
J. A. PULLIAM.

Martinsville, Va.

HOW THE GOOD SEED YIELD ABUNDANTLY.

MY DEAR SIR:—Today, in my office, I read aloud the most beautiful article on Christmas that it has ever been my good fortune to come in contact with. If I had the money I would spend at least one thousand dollars in having the said article published in the newspapers on the 24th of this month, besides having same circulated by dodgers to men throughout different cities. In my estimation, it would do more good than all the sermons that will be preached on Christmas Day.

This is the opinion I desire to express on the article in the JEFFERSONIAN for December, headed "It Comes But Once a Year."

With many good wishes for the success of your Magazine and paper, and a happy and pleasant Christmas for yourself and family, I remain, Yours respectfully,

Atlanta, Ga. MALCOLM MACNEILL.

LIKES THE MAGAZINE.

DEAR BROTHER WATSON:—I want to thank you for the copy of yoour Magazine, which I received with my returned manuscript. I certainly enjoyed your editorial on Socialism. You have a fine Magazine. I am sending you this poor excuse for a sonnet, and I dedicate it to you. We have a fine S. A. E. chapter here in Franklin College, Indiana Alpha. I am in my third year here.

Thanking you again for your favor, I remain Yours fraternally,

Franklin, Ind. GEO. B. STAFF.

DEAR FRIEND:—Please allow me to express my opinion of your editorial in the November Magazine. Well, it is an eye-opener, and no mistake. I would to God that we had more men with ability and backbone enough to tell the people the truth. God bless you and your noble work and crown both with success, is my prayer; may He accompany your message to the hearts of the people with the conviction that they must wake up before the waves of reaction drive them onto the rocks of hopeless ruin. E. J. KIMSEY.

Cornelia, Ga.

DEAR SIR:—I still like your Magazine. Your editorial, "Socialists and Socialism," is a stunner. You are the only man I know of that has the backbone to stand up and defend the South and the Southern people against those who are still insulting and misrepresenting them.

Wishing you great success, I am
Truly your friend, W. W. CRAWFORD.

Box 341, Wynnewood, Okla.

"A GEM."

MY DEAR SIR:—I simply rise to remark confidentially that your December number of the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE is a gem of itself and is well worth the price of both JEFFERSONIANS for three years.

Yours cordially, JULIUS E. BOGG.

A NORTH DAKOTA MAN INVESTS $800 IN THE JEFFERSONIAN BONDS.

Mr. Thos. J. Thompson, of Braddock, North Dakota, sends a check for $800 for that amount of the 6 per cent. bonds. THE JEFFERSONIAN paid the annual interest on the outstanding bonds a few weeks ago.

Mr. Thompson writes:

We are old settlers in this Territory, coming in 1882, when father filed near Huron; was an Alliance man and Populist. I was an elector on Barker and Dernelly ticket in 1900, attended the 1904 State Convention at Yankton, when Watson electors were named, and hoped to see Tom, but was disappointed.

Respectfully yours, THOS. J. THOMPSON.

1910
WATSON'S MAGAZINE

SOCIALISM — Mr. Watson will conclude his damning indictment. He will deal with the origin of private property, and will examine and tear to pieces the Socialist Bible, Karl Marx's "Capital".

ROMAN CATHOLICISM — Following his case against Socialism, Mr. Watson will write a series of articles, laying bare the foul and bloody record of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, and emphasizing the people's danger in allowing them to usurp authority in America.

STORY OF THE SOUTH AND WEST — This splendid story, which Mr. Watson will begin in the Magazine during 1910, will go down to posterity as one of the great literary achievements of the age. It will be dramatic, tender and true. It will set a crown of glory on our beloved Southland and the vast Empire of the West.

NAPOLEON UP TO DATE — From Napoleon's letters to Josephine, and from a great mass of recently published material, Mr. Watson has made a new and remarkable pen picture of this marvelous man, which will appear in *Watson's* for 1910.

WATSONESQUE SKETCHES — Each issue of 1910 will contain one of those charming personal, biographical, or historical sketches, which have made the name of Tom Watson beloved among literary folk throughout the world.

ANDREW JACKSON — Mr. Watson now begins the most interesting period of his story. In seeking for the causes which led up to the Civil War he opens up new historical paths, and clears the ground of the rubbish and falsehood which have been dumped upon it by Northern and partisan writers. These were the dramatic years, of keenest interest to us today, in the light of present and coming events, when Jackson fought the proposed Central Bank, and smashed it; and waged relentless war upon the robber Tariff.

THE DARK CORNER — The fascinating plot of this story of Southern life today will be developed and ended in 1910.

SURVEY OF THE WORLD — These illuminating comments, illustrated by cartoons, form a complete history of the most noteworthy events of the month.

FICTION AND POETRY — The short stories and poetry will be well up to the standard. Many a happy little tale of human interest has been arranged for publication in *Watson's Magazine* for 1910.

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WATSON'S MAGAZINE, Thomson, Ga.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT

Address JEFFERSONIAN PATTERN DEPARTMENT, Thomson, Ga.

NO. 8421—LADY'S SHIRTWAIST.

This model is quite plain and therefore adapted to many different materials. Satin, always matching in color, is a popular fabric for wear with coat-suits. The yoke on the back may be omitted. The sleeve is of the regular shirt style. The fronts have a broad plait over the center, and over the shoulders. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

NO. 8628—DOLL'S MIDDY SUIT, WITH MILITARY CAPE, AND CAP.

Just for Miss Dolly.

At this time of the year mothers and friends of children are busy making clothes for dollies, and there is probably no set of clothes that will appeal more strongly to the "little mother" than one which will be like an up to date "Grownup" suit. The design submitted shows the popular "middy" blouse, a jaunty cap, and a stylish military cape. All of these models are simple and easy to make so that even "little mothers" could attempt to develop them.

Wash or woolen goods may be used for the suit, while broadcloth, silk or velvet are suitable for the cape. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes, for dolls 18-20-22 inches in height. It requires 3-8 yard for the cap—1 3-4 yards for the suit, and 7-8 yard for the cape of 27-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8403—AN ATTRACTIVE NEGLIGEE.

A simple comfortable dressing sacque, that is yet dainty enough to wear all through the morning hours, is always appreciated by the women of good taste. The one pictured here is of old rose French flannel, but may be developed in other materials, such as outing flannel, cashmere, challis, and cotton crepe. The garment is fitted to the figure in the back, while the front is rendered gracefully full by a cluster of tucks at the shoulder. The sleeves are gathered into prettily turned back cuffs, and a round collar completes the neck. Large pearl buttons are used for decoration. For 36-inch size 3 1-2 yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes 32 to 44 inches, bust measure.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8614—BOY'S ONE-PIECE DRESS, WITH SHIELD.

A Modish Dress for the Small Boy.

One could not find a more comfortable little dress than this model. Even the most inexperienced dressmaker will have little trouble in making it. Blue galatea with blue and white striped denim for strappings and belt will be very effective for its development. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2-4-6 years, and requires 3 1-2 yards of 27-inch material for the 4-year size.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8326—SOLID COMFORT AMIDST HOUSEHOLD OR HOME DUTIES.

The attractive and becoming blouse dress here shown covers a long-felt want, since it embodies convenience and comfort, and is easily adjusted. The waist and skirt are joined to the belt and close at the side. The sleeve may be finished in elbow length or in full length and closed at the inner seam with buttons and buttonholes. The usual cotton goods, such as gingham, percale, India linen and chambray may be used for this model. The fulness of the waist is gathered into the belt, the yoke on the back may be omitted; the skirt has nine gores and may be finished with inverted plait or gathered fulness at the center back. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32 to 44 inches, bust measure. It requires 9 5-8 yards of 24-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8623—A PRACTICAL WORK APRON.

Cut in three sizes: small, medium, large. The medium size will require 4 1-2 yards of 36-inch material. The busy housewife, or the woman who has little duties to perform about the house, well knows the advantage of a protective work apron such as the one here shown. The making is a very simple matter, as will be seen at a glance, and may be easily and quickly accomplished. Generous pockets are attached to the skirt and the sleeves are full enough to accommodate the dress sleeve worn underneath. Linen, gingham and percale are all suitable for the development.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 5920—INFANT'S CHRISTENING ROBE.

The wee one of the family must now have a best gown for ceremonious occasions that is a little more elaborate than the plain, dainty slips. The one sketched is an exceedingly good model to follow in making such a frock. The Princess front and wide shoulder caps render the robe very quaint and becoming. The front is made of alternate rows of Valenciennes lace and embroidery. Nainsook and handkerchief linen will always hold first place for the making of these little dresses, but linen lawn and sheer mull could also be used with tiny frills of Valenciennes lace for decoration; 2 1-8 yards of 36-inch material will be required for the making.

A pattern of the accompanying illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

NO. 8448—GIRL'S PLAITED DRESS.

This model was made in blue gingham with white wash braid for trimming. The dress is plaited under a yoke cut in points. A belt that may be omitted confines the fulness at the waist. The sleeve, in bishop style, has a small-shaped cuff at the wrist over a plain band cuff. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6-8-10-12 years. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the 6-year size.

A pattern of this illustration will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8624—A POPULAR AND PRETTY BLOUSE DRESS.

In navy blue serge with white or black braid trimming, or in brown albatross with ecru all-over for the yoke and applique trimming in collar and cuffs, this model will develop most effectively. The blouse is closed at the side, and is finished separate from the plaited skirt, which is joined to an underwaist. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6-8-10-12 years. It requires 5 yards of 24-inch material for the 8-year size.

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NO. 8618—A SMART SKIRT.

Lady's Four-Gore Skirt.

This portrays an extremely smart and graceful model. It is simple in construction, with the back arranged to form a panel. Light tan worsted was used in this instance. The model is appropriate for broadcloth, silk, marquisette, poplin, Panama or velvet. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22-24-26-28-30 inches, waist measure. It requires 6 yards of 27-inch material for the 24-inch size.

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Classified Column

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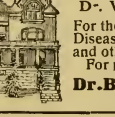

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Tammany's Chieftain, Croker, Tried For Murder?

INDEED, and acquitted in triumph. You sit enraptured under the spell of his brilliant lawyer's eloquence as you read "Classics of the Bar", a book just published by State Senator Alvin V. Sellers, of Georgia. The book contains stories of famous jury trials and a compilation of court-room masterpieces that you will find more fascinating than fiction, and read till the evening lamp burns low. You hear the orator Beach, before a jury, lash without mercy Henry Ward Beecher for leading another's wife astray, and you hear the brilliant Tracy in the minister's defense. You listen to Delmas in the Thaw case as he pictures Evelyn's journey along the primrose path. You hear the South's greatest orator Prentiss before a jury in Kentucky's greatest murder trial. You hear Susan B. Anthony's dramatic response to the Court that condemned her. You hear Clarence Darrow and Senator Borah in the trial of Haywood. You hear Russell pleading for O'Donnell, the Irish martyr. You hear Merrick in the trial of Surratt for the murder of Lincoln; and you stand with the mighty Voorhees as he invokes the unwritten law and for two hours pleads for the acquittal of a fallen sister's brother, who had killed the one that "plucked a flower from the garden of honor and flung it away in a little while withered and dead". You listen to Ingersoll, Seward, James Hamilton Lewis, Senator Rayner and many others at the very pinnacle of oratorical endeavor—before a jury pleading for human life and human liberty.

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(3) *Racial and Social Equality*
(4) *Religion*
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January, 1910 *Thos. E. Watson*